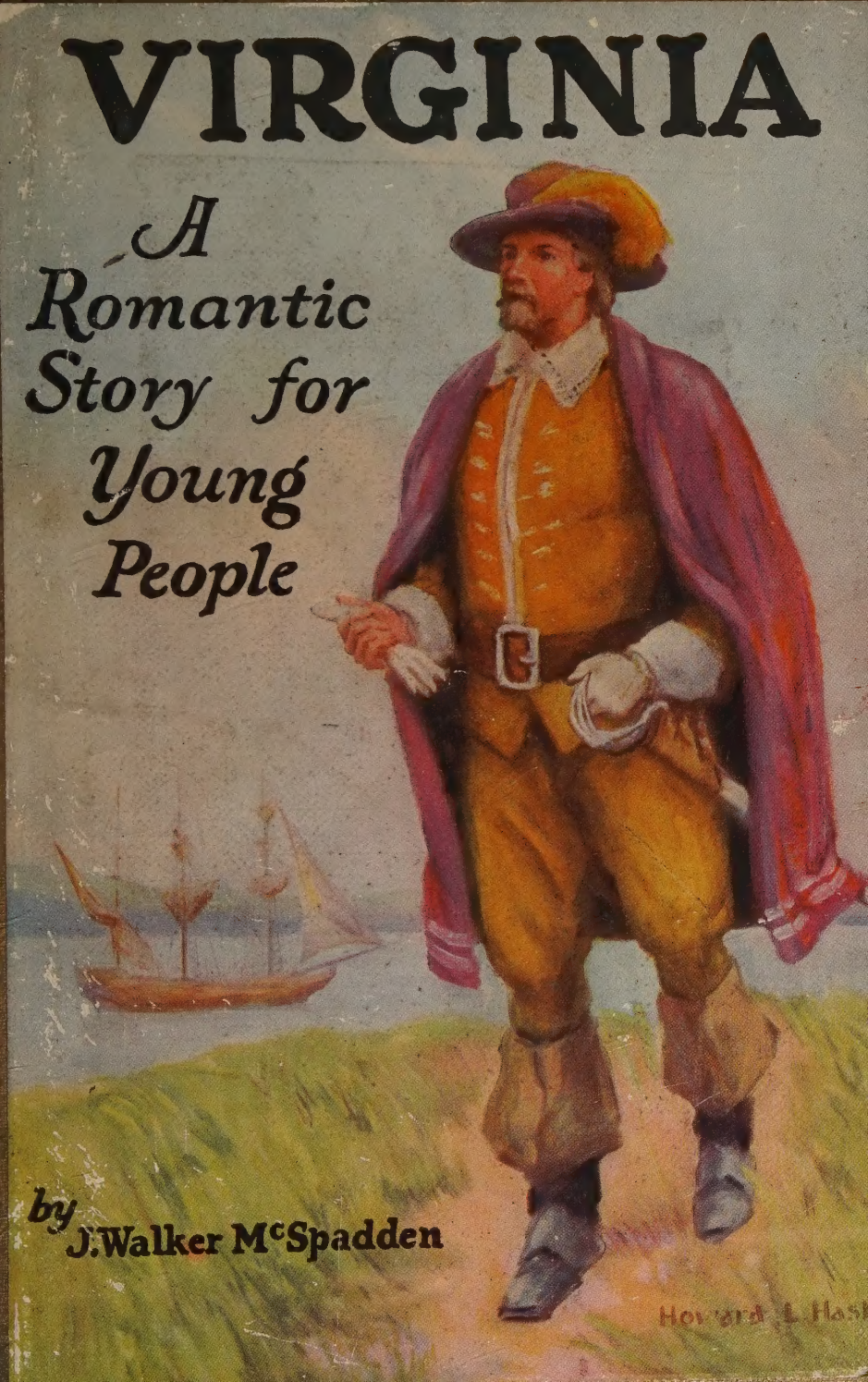
VIRGINIA

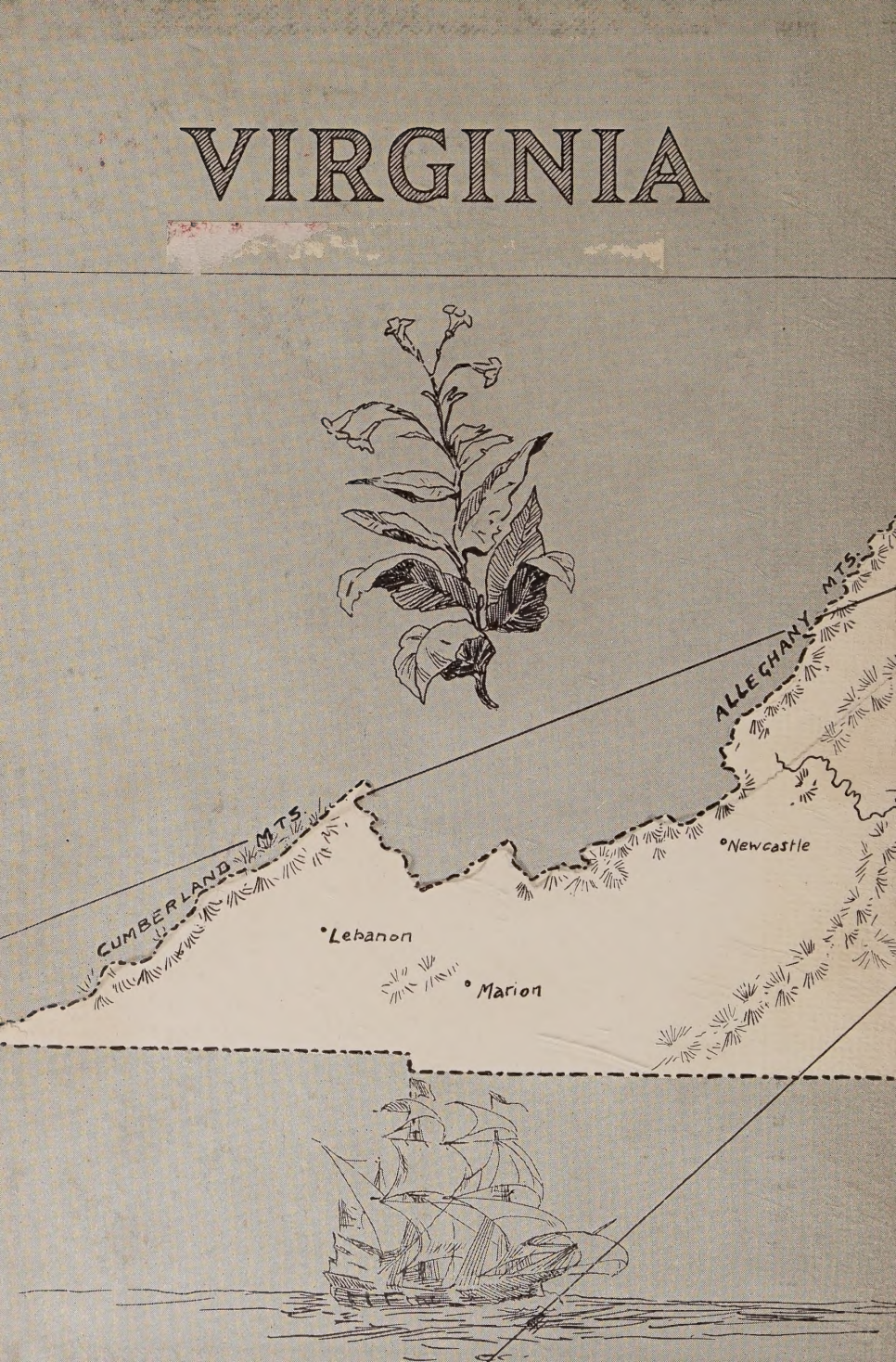
A Romantic Story for Young People



by J. Walker McSpadden

Howard L. Hast

VIRGINIA



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VIRGINIA

A Romantic Story
for Young People

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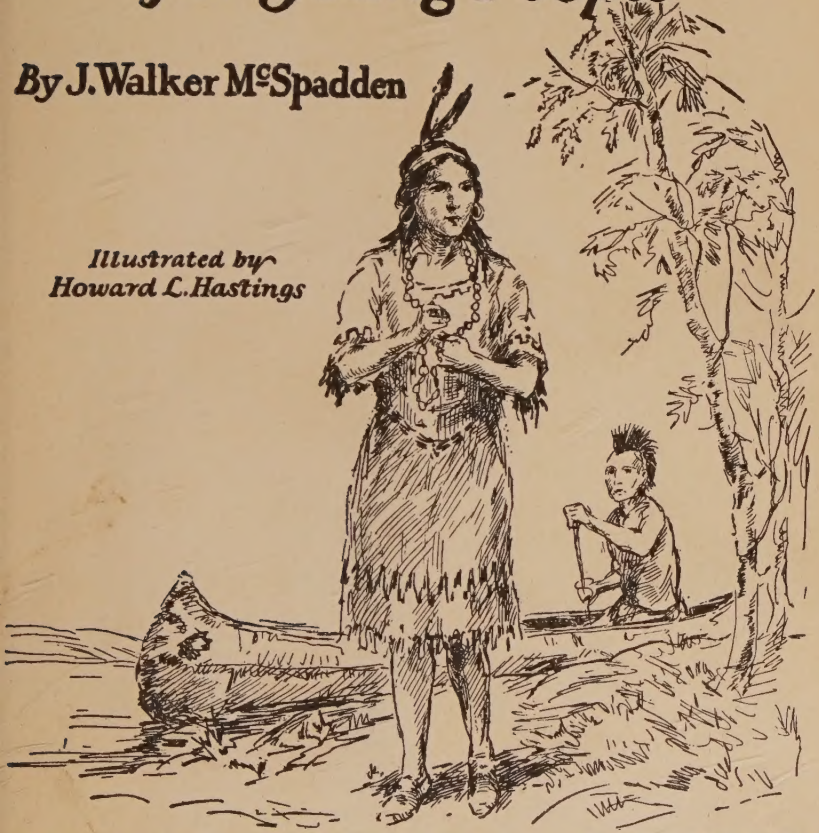
By J. Walker McSpadden

Illustrated by Howard L. Hastings



J. H. SEARS & COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK

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KINGSPORT PRESS
KINGSPORT, TENNESSEE
United States of America

FOREWORD

to

Romantic Stories of the States

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:
"This is my own, my native land"?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
—Sir Walter Scott.

This series of "Romantic Stories of the States" is addressed to everyone, young and old, who is not "dead of soul," as Scott so aptly put it a century ago. Most of us would resent being called unpatriotic, and yet how many of us know the story of our native State? How many of us have stopped to trace the colorful adventures of the hardy pioneer fathers and mothers who laid the first hearthstones in the wilderness?

If we trace the story of each one of our States back to Colonial times, we find that the well-springs of history bubble over with adventure and romance. Truth is indeed stranger than fiction, as the reader will find repeatedly in following these tales of bygone days. And in the writing of them we have adhered closely to historic fact, oftentimes gathering the local color from some ancient volume which was published only a few years

after the occurrences—as for example, the narrative of the travels of the explorer himself.

In each instance the story is followed from earliest Colonial times to the dawn of Statehood. We enter the primeval forest or the pathless plain, and we witness, step by step, its slow emergence and transformation into a busy, thriving commonwealth. This book is not intended as a history, so much as a series of historic incidents, or sidelights which reveal the spirit of the times.

It is addressed both to young folks who revel in adventure and to their elders—the man and woman who hark back with pride to their native heath, although they may have been absent from it for many long years, and who want their children to know something of its rich past. To all such we hope the book will come with the memory-laden fragrance of a breeze from the mountains or across the prairies "back home."

To still a third group of readers, this series is offered—the harassed teacher or librarian who is often asked questions in regard to local history. They know that while it is easy enough to get material about the United States as a whole, the occurrence closest home is often the most elusive.

These stories may be called adventures in patriotism. They are culled from a wealth of material in our heroic past, in the hope and belief that they will bring back to us all, whether young or old, something of the rich heritage which clings to our native soil.

J. W. McS.

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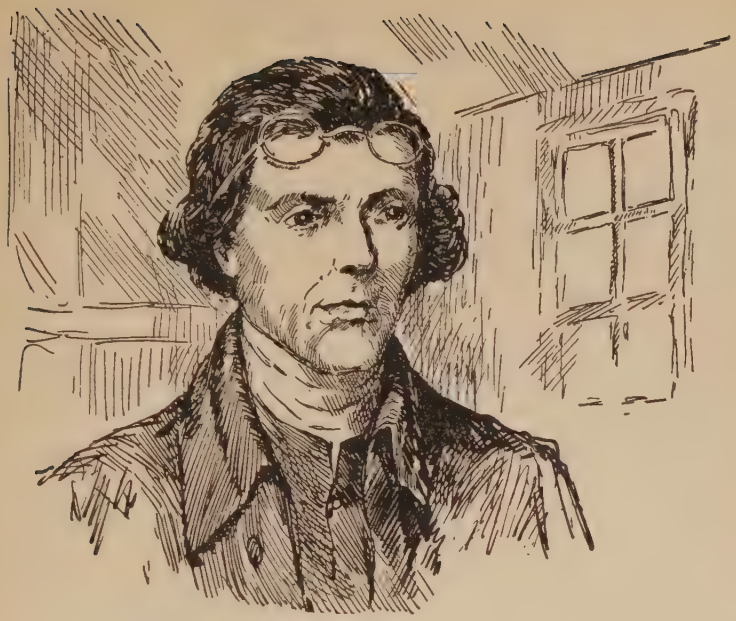


VIRGINIA

A Romantic Story for Young People

CHAPTER I

TOO MANY SMITHS?

"WHAT is your name, please?"

"John Smith."

A titter ran around the room, which speedily became a general laugh. Miss Windsor, the teacher, tried to look disapproval at the class, but a smile lurked around the corners of her own mouth.

For this was the third John Smith who had reported to her this morning. It was the opening day of a new school term, in one of the high schools of Richmond, and this was the class in American history. Further and more to the point, it was Miss Windsor's first day in that school, and she did so eagerly wish to succeed. She had been warned that she was tackling a hard problem. For some reason, the history class of that particular school had been famous for several years, for its lack of discipline and interest. The thirty or more boys and girls were not mean—they were just lively—and about one year of it was all any teacher had been able to stand.

Miss Ruth Windsor and her mother lived alone in a tiny apartment. It had been an uphill fight ever since her father's death, five years before, but she had managed to finish high school and normal school, and now, barely out of her teens herself, she was trying to earn her spurs as teacher of the hardest class in the school. She must not—could not—fail, she told herself, as she pictured her frail mother waiting at home for her. But no hint of her trepidation showed in her face, as she smiled at her new class.

"I for one am glad that we have so many John Smiths in our class," she said. "I don't think we can have too many of them, down here in Virginia. We certainly owe a great debt of gratitude to the first one of the name who came here. Can any of

you boys or girls tell me anything about him?"

The three John Smiths looked at one another, and the rest of the class looked at them. Finally a hand was raised by a girl, who looked embarrassed when all the smiling glances were directed at her.

"Miss Windsor," she said, "about all I remember reading about him was that his life was saved by Pocahontas."

"Quite right, at least, so the story goes. But do you remember what an important part he played in our first colony?" The girl shook her head.

"I wonder—boys and girls—" continued their new teacher, "if we couldn't turn a part of this history session into a story-telling one—and keep it on the subject of Virginia? I was going over some old books just this Summer, and I was amazed at the wonderful part that our colony played in the early affairs of this country of ours—amazed and proud! The very first English settlement was planted on our shores, and through all the momentous years to the Revolution, Virginia and Virginians were at the forefront of events. I know that every single one of you is proud of that fact, but I suspect that—like myself when I began to review it—you do not know the half of it.

"Now how would you like to go back with me on a series of rambles in those oldtime days? We will forget that this is a history class, or that I am a teacher and you are pupils. We are just a party of tourists going back to meet John Smith and

Walter Raleigh and Powhatan and Pocahontas, and others who came after. How would you like that?"

Miss Windsor paused anxiously for a reply, though her smiling face gave no hint of her anxiety. Would this class, said to be so unruly, meet her on friendly ground? She had not long to wait. First one hand and then another went up, until there were a dozen in the air.

"Sure thing, Miss Windsor!" said one boy who sat near the front, and whose round, cherubic face gave no hint that he had been the ringleader in mischief, the year before. His name was Clarence Courtney, which name, as well as his looks, he had felt in duty bound to live down!

"Fine!" said a girl, Winifred Trask. "I have always wanted to know something about Virginia."

"Same here!" "And here!" added other voices.

"Very well, then; we will organize our Storyteller's Club right here and now. It will take up twenty minutes of each lesson period, and will be informal. You can stop me any time you want to, and ask questions. And let me tell you a little secret. The State is offering a prize for the best school essay on Colonial life in Virginia, this year, and I think I should be the proudest teacher in ten counties, if one of my class won it. But whether or not you try for it, I know we shall have an interesting time visiting the colony of the long ago."

And that was how these tales of Old Virginia came to be told.

CHAPTER II

IN WHICH WE MEET WALTER RALEIGH

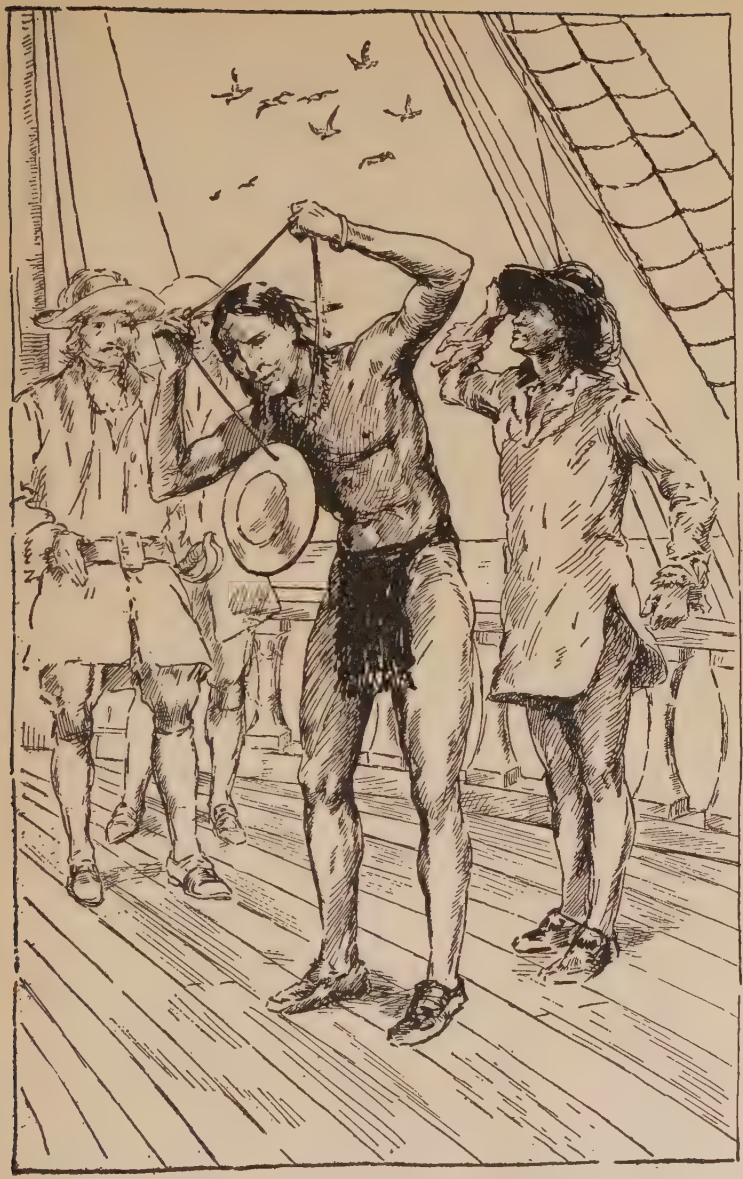
BACK in the time of Queen Elizabeth—Good Queen Bess of England—" began Miss Windsor at their first session, "her court was filled with adventurers and soldiers of fortune—men who thought nothing of going to the ends of the earth, to win a smile from their Queen. Such a man was bold Francis Drake who had sailed around the globe, and made it uncomfortable for every Spanish ship he came across. Such, also, were Martin Frobisher and Humphrey Gilbert who came over here seeking the Northwest Passage to India. All were knighted by the Queen for their bravery—and so also was another young cavalier, one of the courtliest men of his time—Sir Walter Raleigh.

"When barely grown he had forsaken college to go over to France in aid of the oppressed Huguenots, in the civil wars. Next he went to Ireland, where a war was raging—which was not a novel thing for that island! On his return to England, still unknown, he won the Queen's regard by a little act of courtesy. You all have probably heard the story. He threw his fine new plush coat down on a muddy spot in the road for the Queen to pass over dryshod.

"Young, handsome, brilliant, the fortunes of Raleigh rose rapidly, once he had attracted the Queen's notice. But he was not the sort of man to bask idly in the sunshine of the court. His restless spirit wanted to be up and doing. As he with others heard more and more about the new land of America, he wanted to come here to win fame or fortune; or both. Besides this, the English were kept uneasy over rumors of Spanish discoveries and conquests, as there was a keen rivalry and jealousy between the two countries. It would never do for Spain to get ahead of them. The New World had been discovered now nearly a hundred years, and there was still no English colony upon it."

"Why was it so long in getting settled, Miss Windsor?" asked Winifred Trask.

"There were several reasons. One was the unsettled condition of Europe. Another, the small size of the sailing vessels and the long time required to cross the ocean. It was like setting out for another world. One never expected to see one's friends again —and usually didn't. Still another reason was the dense ignorance about this country. The interior was pictured as full of monsters, or savages, or gold mines by turn. The coastline was not even accurately mapped out. A few years after Columbus's three small ships came over here, John Cabot sighted the mainland of North America, and he and his son, Sebastian, coasted along from Maine clear down here to Virginia. Sebastian was a great geographer



He Suspended This Shining Badge of Authority on His Chest

[*See Page 19*]

of his day, and made one of the first maps. But he knew nothing of the interior, and for many years after that the English were not much interested in exploring this country or in planting colonies. Instead, they wanted to find a passage by water to India for their trading vessels.

"During the momentous reign of Elizabeth, however, the New World became more and more talked about. Now, if ever, they must get ahead of the hated Spaniard. Raleigh made this the burden of his talk on many occasions with the Queen, and finally won her consent to send an expedition here. He obtained from her a charter to a large tract of land, but since nobody knew just where the land was situated, he sent two ships over to explore it, in the Summer of 1584. After a long and tedious voyage they touched on the coast of what is now North Carolina. They liked the looks of the country greatly, being especially delighted with the wild grapes which they found in profusion, some vines running clear to the tops of trees.

"The Indians were friendly, but full of astonishment at the great white boats. One savage was presented with a shirt and a hat, which he proudly put on, and which must have made him look very comical, as he had on nothing else except a girdle. Another was given a tin dish, and with a howl of joy he punched a hole through it, ran a deer's sinew through the hole, and suspended this shining badge of authority on his chest.

"Raleigh's first expedition stayed here about six weeks, and went back home full of glowing reports of the richness of the country. Raleigh was so delighted that he at once planned to send a colony and thus hold the land against all comers. But first he must give it a name. What should it be? At court Elizabeth was called 'the virgin Queen,' as she had never married. So in her honor the new country was christened 'Virginia.'"

"Did his grant take in only our own State?" asked one of the John Smiths.

"No, it took in much more. Nobody knew until long afterwards just how much. For a time, Virginia meant the whole coast from South Carolina to New Jersey (using our later names for this country, which then had no other English name). And as to its western boundaries, at the time of the Revolution we find Virginia claiming land as far out as Ohio and Indiana. So you see the Virginia colony was very important indeed.

"But to go back to Raleigh, he was as good as his word. The very next year (1585) he outfitted an expedition to come over here and make a settlement. Sir Richard Grenville, another of the Queen's famous sea-dogs, was in charge of the ships, but the colony itself was headed by a Ralph Lane. He deserves to be remembered as he is one of the very first Englishmen to try to build a town in the New World. Grenville's ships, however, headed a little to the south and so this first little colony did not land

on the coast of Virginia, as we know it to-day. It debarked on Roanoke Island off the coast of North Carolina. The story of its adventures really belongs to that State, which I hope to tell you about some other time.[1] Suffice it to say that the colony ran short of food and also aroused the hostility of the Indians. Sir Francis Drake, the great globe navigator, came to the rescue in the nick of time and carried the colony back to England with him.

"Although this experiment was a failure, Raleigh was not discouraged. Ralph Lane brought back glowing reports of the beauty and richness of the country, which he had explored some miles inland. He is also famed as being the discoverer of tobacco, samples of which he took back to England. Raleigh himself set the fashion of smoking. It is said that the first pipes were made of walnut shell into which a straw was thrust for stem. On one of his first attempts at smoking, a servant entered the room, and thinking his master was on fire he dashed a tankard of ale all over him."

A laugh ran around the room at this, but such was the interest in the story that no one interrupted further. Even Clarence contented himself with shuddering and drawing his coat collar up around his ears.

"Raleigh sent out a second colony, this time containing women as well as men—over a hundred in the party, counting eleven children. They brought

[1] See "North Carolina," in this series.

with them tools, plows, hoes, various seeds, and an abundance of other supplies. Again they landed on Roanoke Island, where they set busily to work clearing the ground and building rude houses. That same Summer a girl baby was born in one of the colonists' homes. Her parents' name was Dare, and in honor of the new land she was christened 'Virginia Dare.' She will always be remembered as the first English child born in this country—but, I am sorry to say, that is about all we know concerning her."

"Why?" asked three or four of the girls in a breath.

"Because this colony, like the other, was short-lived. The next time the ships came back they did not find a trace of the settlers. They had been swallowed up in the wilderness—whether taken captive by the savages, or slaughtered, or lost, who can say? I have often wondered about poor little Virginia Dare, the child with the beautiful, haunting name. Did she grow up to become an Indian queen? There are legends to this effect, but only legends. Virginia Dare and the lost colony of Roanoke are one of the enigmas of history."

"Did Raleigh send over any more colonies?" asked Frank Spottswood, one of the boys who had been listening closely.

"No. He had already spent a large private fortune—forty thousand pounds, which nowadays would be equal to half a million dollars. And besides, evil days had fallen upon Raleigh. His patron

queen had died, and King James, who succeeded her, put the courtier into prison, for political reasons that I cannot go into now. He spent over twelve years in a gloomy dungeon, and sought to while away the time by writing a history of the world—for Raleigh was a poet and historian, as well as statesman and soldier,—one of the brilliant figures of a brilliant time. When finally released his indomitable spirit of adventure again asserted itself. He went on an expedition this time to South America, and there fell in with some Spanish ships, which he promptly attacked. This, of course, aroused the ill-will of Spain, which was then supposedly at peace with England. The Spanish minister brought so much pressure to bear upon the weak-kneed King James, that Raleigh was re-arrested and tried for high treason and sentenced to death—an absurd charge in the face of the evidence. But James signed the death-warrant to please the King of Spain.

"Raleigh marched up on the scaffold as calmly as though entering his own home. He picked up the broad axe and ran his finger along its edge. 'It is a sharp medicine to cure me of all my diseases,' he remarked. Then he kneeled down and laid his neck across the block for the fatal blow. And thus ended the career of a gallant soldier."

CHAPTER III

ENTER CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

AND now I want to tell you about another famous soldier whose name will always be linked up with that of Virginia," began Miss Windsor at their next session. "I shall give you three guesses as to who it was." And she looked meaningly at the three John Smiths, who grinned back at her.

"John Smith!" came the deafening chorus from the rest.

"Yes," said she, laughing; "but you needn't tell the other session room about it! It was none other than John Smith, of our first colony in Virginia. So many stories cluster about his name that I could spend the rest of the afternoon relating them. You see, he himself wrote a book of his own adventures, which is still preserved, and very interesting reading it is. I advise you boys—yes, and girls too—who like adventure stories to read it. As to whether or not all these things actually happened to him, I cannot say. The gallant captain has often been accused of drawing the long bow, and he does love to brag about his own exploits. But certainly they make exciting reading, and so the things I tell you about to-day—

such as the time when Pocahontas saved his life—I repeat without quibble, just as the author has left them for us.

"Back in the days of the great Queen Elizabeth, when English hearts were fired by the stories of conquest by land and sea, a son was born into a Lincolnshire farmer's family, by the name of Smith. The boy, John, grew up as any other country lad, but by the time he was well into his teens he was eager to get out and see the world. His father pleaded with him to stay at home.

" 'Content thee, Jack,' he said; 'thou art my eldest son. Who should take care of the farm and thy mother, when I am gone?'

"But Jack was restless, and there is no telling how it would have turned out, had not Fate intervened. His father, who was sickly, died, and his mother did not survive long. Jack with his brothers and sisters was left an orphan. He was apprenticed out and promptly ran away to a seaport. There he was lucky in falling in with a friend of the family, who took him to Orleans in France. He learned to talk French like a native, and began to feel himself a citizen of the world.

"There was a lot of fighting going on in Europe just at this time. In the East the Turks were fighting with the Christians; and in the West the Christians were fighting each other—the Catholics against the Protestants. So John Smith, like the fabled Irishman, found no trouble in getting into a fight.

The trouble lay in getting out again. The next few years of his early manhood found him in one battle after another. Finally he made his way to the East where the Turks were trying to get a foothold in Europe. One day during the siege of a town, a Turk fully armed rode out on his horse and challenged any Christian to fight him in the lists. Smith, who had become an expert horseman and swordsman, accepted the challenge, threw the Turk off his horse and cut off his head. Another Turk took up the gage the next day, and met the same fate. A third fell before Smith, on the third day. For this exploit, Smith was granted a coat-of-arms bearing three Turks' heads, which he displayed proudly ever after.

"During this war, however, Smith was captured by the Turks and cruelly treated as a slave. He escaped by killing his master, and riding the latter's horse across country and after many other hardships he reached Russia. From there he made his way back home, but not before he found himself in a lively fight at sea, between a stout little English ship and two larger Spanish men-of-war. The fight after lasting for hours was a draw.

"Captain Smith returned to England still a young man but already famous. In five years he had crowded enough experience to last most people a lifetime. But it only whetted his appetite for more. As he was looking about for another adventure he met up with a man after his own heart—Captain

Bartholomew Gosnold, an explorer who had sailed his own ship along the coast of North America from Virginia to Cape Cod. He it was who had given that cape its name, because of the abundance of cod-fish they had found there. But of all the land he was loudest in his praise of Virginia.

They Caught Sight of Dusky Forms Creeping Along on All Fours

"'Hark ye,' he said; 'here be the finest forests of standing timber that man ever laid eyes upon. Here be noble rivers flowing down to great wide-open bays big enough to harbor the fleets of all the world. Here be fair valleys lying between lofty ranges of

mountains. It is a goodly land with a fair climate, mild even in the winter-time. What riches lie back in that goodly land, no white man doth yet know.'

"All this and much more did he pour into the willing ears of Captain Smith, and the upshot of it was that they began to interest their friends in founding a colony over here. At last after a year of effort they succeeded in enlisting some powerful patrons in the venture and, better still, procured a charter from King James. Thus was organized the London Virginia Company, as it was called, the first of the famous companies formed for colonization. A few years later another company was formed by another group, called the Plymouth Company which, as you know, came over to Massachusetts.[1]

"Another year was spent in outfitting the Virginia expedition. There were three ships—the *Susan Constant,* commanded by Captain Newport, a brave and experienced seaman who really headed the whole fleet; the *Godspeed,* which Captain Gosnold himself commanded; and the *Discovery,* under Captain Ratcliffe. These ships were no larger than Columbus's caravel of yore. The largest was of only one hundred tons burden; while the *Discovery* was merely a pinnace. Still as they sailed bravely down the Thames on the day of their departure, it was hailed as an event of national importance. Crowds lined the banks to wave and cheer and wish them Godspeed. Poems were written in their honor.

[1] See "Massachusetts," in this series.

It was felt that England was entering the New World at last.

"Besides the sailors, there were about a hundred colonists on board—a few farmers, carpenters, blacksmiths, and others who were only 'gentlemen adventurers.' John Smith signed himself as 'planter.' He had sold his old home farm in Lincolnshire, and put all his money into the venture. There were no women on board. It was thought wisest to establish the settlement before bringing them over.

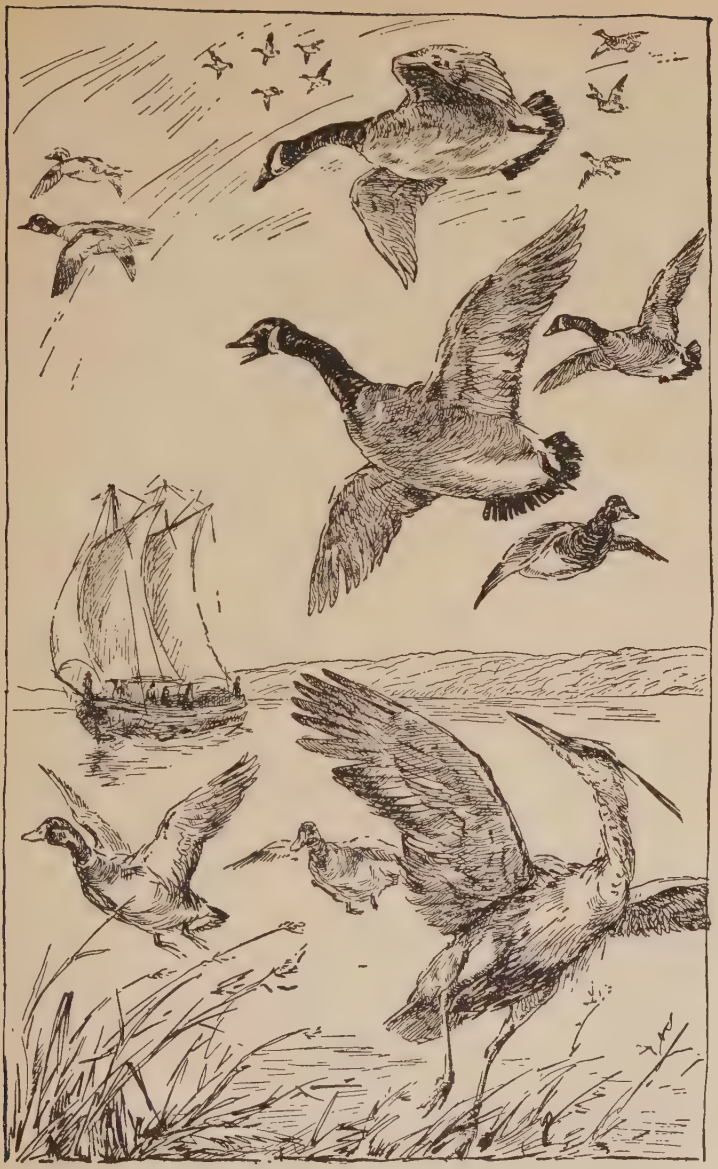
"The little ships had a stormy voyage of three long weary months, and the storms were not confined to the deep. They raged on board ship in the bickerings and jealousies of the passengers. A prime cause of dispute lay in the fact that a sealed box had been placed on board by the canny King James, with strict orders that it was not to be opened until they had reached America. This box contained the names of the future officers of the colony, and, of course, each man wondered if his name was on the favored list. It was as bad as Pandora's box of old, for causing strife. Picture for yourself a body of idle, impatient men cooped up on board a tiny ship for three months, surfeited with one another's society, and jealous of their possible future rank. They got to hate the very sight of one another's faces!

"And still another disturbance arose. This young fellow, John Smith, was entirely too bumptious—at least so said the grizzled old sailor, Captain New-

port. He was too old a tar to be taking orders from Smith or anybody like him! The upshot of it was that Smith was put in irons, and saw his first sight of the promised land as a prisoner. The specific charge against him was that he had been instigating a mutiny among the sailors; but Smith only laughed scornfully at this charge. Nevertheless, he must have chafed when he saw the first boatloads of a landing party go ashore without him.

"It was the 26th day of April, 1607, when the little fleet entered the waters of Chesapeake Bay. The point where they beached their boats was called Cape Henry, in honor of the English prince who had aided them in London. The land looked so good to them, with its fair meadows and sweetly flowing brooks and tall trees—after their weary weeks on shipboard—that they were 'ravished with the sight.' They rambled around all that day without seeing any Indians, but toward dusk as they were preparing to go back on board ship, they caught sight of a score of dusky forms creeping along on all fours, like bears, and carrying their bows and arrows in their mouths. The English quickly turned to meet their attack, just as the air was filled with whizzing arrows. One sailor was hit and grievously wounded. At the first volley of the guns the natives fled in affright. The wounded man was conveyed back on shipboard. It was an inauspicious beginning.

"That night the mysterious box was opened. It



They Described Its Shores As a Perfect Paradise

[*See Page 33*]

contained the names of seven men who were to act as a council; and one of the names was that of Captain John Smith. It would hardly do to condemn one of the officers selected by the London Company, they decided, and besides, every man Jack of them was needed to get the new colony on its feet—especially if the Indians proved troublesome, as now seemed likely. So Smith was grudgingly set at liberty.

"The next day the colonists sailed a little farther up the river, and there came upon a party of savages sitting around a fire roasting oysters. The natives fled, and the Englishmen found the cooked bivalves a delectable repast. After their meal they marched several miles inland, keeping a sharp lookout for Indians, but seeing none. They described the air as 'full of good and sweet smells.' The ground was covered with wild flowers, the stately cypresses and cedars afforded a grateful shade, and best of all, they found a wealth of wild strawberries. So delighted were they with the country, after the hardships of their voyage, that they gave to the cape on the left of the bay the name of 'Point Comfort.'

"The next thing to do was to find a suitable place to found their colony. Captain Newport took the pinnace, and with Smith and others sailed up a broad but shallow river, which they afterwards called the 'James.' They described its shores as a perfect paradise, abounding in fruits, flowers, wild fowl, deer, and other animals. Although they also

noticed that the banks were low and marshy, they gave no heed to this fact at the time.

"About fifty miles upstream they came to a long tongue of land jutting out into the river and thus affording a convenient anchorage for their ship. This they selected for the site of their town, and in honor of their king they called it Jamestown. The date of their landing there was May 13, 1607—one of the most memorable dates in American history.

"Edward Wingfield, one of the council, was chosen as its president, and at once gave orders for the erection of huts for their stores. The two larger ships were discharged of their cargoes and started back for England to get fresh supplies. The colonists set busily to work cutting down trees, putting up tents and other shelters, and erecting a palisade around their new settlement. If they had only continued to be as industrious as they were in the beginning, the story of their town would have been quite different.

"As for our friend, John Smith, he was still regarded with suspicion by some of his fellow councilmen, including Wingfield himself. Captain Newport saved the situation from further unpleasantness by taking Smith and some twenty others with him on a voyage of exploration up the river. They sailed for six days until they reached waterfalls which marked the head of navigation. They called this place 'The Falls,' and here they fastened a brass plate on a tree, bearing the words 'Jacobus Rex,'

laying claim to all the country for King James. Then they returned to Jamestown.

"They were met with sad news. A party of Indians had made a surprise attack upon them, killing a boy and wounding seventeen men. President Wingfield himself had a narrow escape, as an arrow

An Arrow Whizzed Through His Beard

had whizzed right through his beard. The savages were driven off, and the colonists saw that they must lose no time in completing their fort.

"Unfortunately, many of the men were idlers. They had come over to seek gold and adventure, and did not know how to handle tools. They said they

were 'gentlemen' and did not propose to work. Why should they? they argued. Here was a land teeming with food and fruit, and besides the ships' stores were at hand for every fellow to help himself. Despite the protests of Wingfield, who was well-meaning but weak, they grew idle and shiftless, wandering around hunting for gold or pearls, and eating the food supplies which should have been saved or added to for the Winter.

"To add to their troubles, the spot which they had chosen was low and unhealthful. Mosquitoes bothered them. Malaria seized upon them. The midsummer days in this shut-in place grew insufferably hot. The corn and other stores grew moldy. At times friendly Indians brought them fish, game or corn, but at other times they were hostile—so they were not to be depended upon. From eating the poor food or sleeping on the marshy ground at night, one after another took sick. In six weeks forty-six had perished, among them Captain Gosnold, one of the ablest mariners of his day. Smith himself took sick but recovered. Wingfield was deposed by the malcontents—who had only themselves to blame—and Ratcliffe was made president. He wisely turned the direction of affairs over to Smith.

"Our captain did not mince matters or waste words. He ordered every able-bodied man to report to him every day, and himself assigned each a task and saw that he went through with it. 'He that

will not work shall not eat,' he announced grimly. And he did not spare himself in the daily tasks. Through his efforts some log houses were built, including a church, the first in America, and the palisades were completed. Although it was late in the season, he had some ground cleared in the hope that they could raise late vegetables and corn. Then he went bravely out into the Indian country to trade for food, and succeeded in obtaining enough to keep his men from starving. They had not dared to go hunting, for fear of Indian attacks. But a little later, with the approach of cold weather, great flocks of ducks and geese came down the coast and alighted all around them. Wild turkeys were plentiful, and the river teemed with fish. There was royal feasting for two or three weeks, but as they did not know how to preserve the meat for Winter use, their food problem was still unsolved.

"But I see that our time for to-day is used up. I shall have to defer the rest of the story of Jamestown in Smith's day until our next session."

CHAPTER IV

SMITH'S ADVENTURES WITH THE INDIANS

THE end of that first year, 1607, found the Jamestown settlers poorly prepared," continued Miss Windsor. "There were less than fifty men left down on this little neck of land, and behind them was an unknown wilderness filled with dangers from both wild beasts and savages. They eagerly looked for the return of Captain Newport from England with more men and supplies. Meantime, the Christmas season found them very low indeed in resources.

"The weather had turned bitterly cold. The men shivered in their poorly constructed huts. A great central campfire was kept burning night and day, and on it hung the common campkettle which had so lately given off savory odors of wild fowl, but was now—alas—reduced to boiling a daily stint of barley. Captain Smith had tried to lay aside some of the Autumn's plenty but the idlers had wasted it. He sent a party out to the nearest tribe of Indians, the Paspaheghs, and after considerable haggling obtained seven hogsheads of corn. This would tide them over for only a short time and something else must be done.

"Although it was now the dead of Winter, Smith decided to head an exploring party up the Chickahominy River. He took eight men with him, besides two Indian guides. All went well for a time. Their barge made its way about forty miles upstream, through low, swampy country. On each side were lofty trees which had never yet felt the woodman's axe, and festoons of vines and creepers. Now with the ground covered with snow it looked wild and desolate indeed.

"They were penetrating the heart of a country lorded over by a powerful chieftain, or king called Powhatan, a name also given by the Indians to our country of Virginia. The Virginia Indians are described as being tall, fine-looking, of a light copper color, and much more intelligent than other tribes. Powhatan was the head of a confederacy of several thousand braves, and his word was law. He had the power of life and death over all. He lived in savage state with several wives and servants to do his slightest bidding. His village was fortified by a palisade of upright poles and with only a single narrow entrance. The wigwams were of bark, skins, and mats formed of reeds, so closely woven together as to keep out wind and rain. An open space was left in the center for the council fire and dances.

"Powhatan had learned through his spies of the progress of Smith's party, and sent his brother, Opechancanough, to stop them. For a time the English were permitted to go ahead, and no warning was

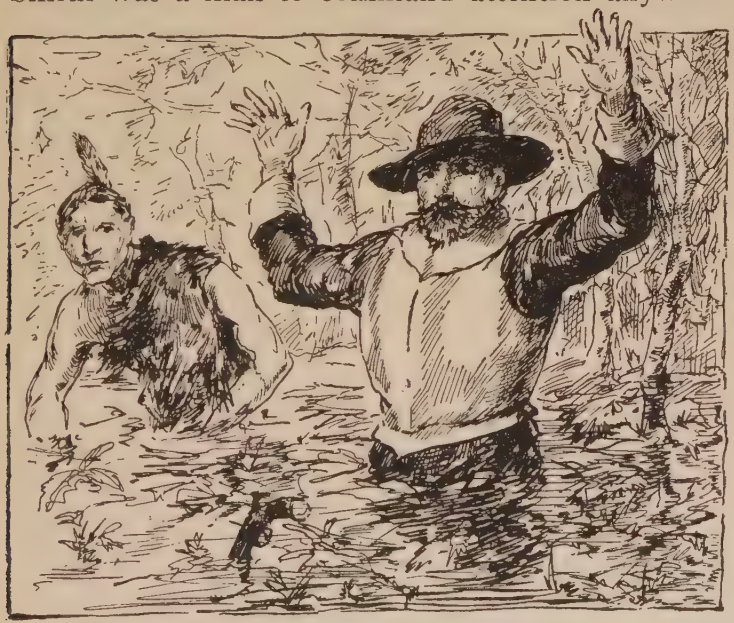
given of the lurking savages. The barge, however, could not be taken upstream any farther, so Smith pushed on by canoe, taking two of his men and two guides. He gave the rest of the party strict injunctions not to leave the barge until his return; but scarcely was his canoe out of sight around a bend in the stream when the men decided to go ashore and hunt. This act cost one of them his life. The Indians captured him and after cruel tortures to learn what they could about the other white men, they put him to death. The rest of the party escaped back to the barge only with great difficulty, and hastened downstream to Jamestown, leaving Smith and his two men to shift for themselves.

"Smith made his way some twenty miles farther before he dragged his canoe ashore to cook a midday meal. Then leaving his two friends at the fire with one of the guides, he took the other for a short walk afoot to examine the country. Again the hidden savages struck, killing the two Englishmen at the canoe—a fact which Smith did not learn until later, as he was some distance away in the forest. His first notice of danger was to see a flight of arrows coming in his direction, while fierce war-whoops resounded through the trees.

"Quick as a thought he seized his guide and placed him in front of himself to serve as a shield, while he began backing slowly in the direction of the boat. He discharged his pistol, his only weapon, but soon found himself in the midst of a large party

of yelling redskins. To add to his troubles, as he and the guide stepped backward they got into a quagmire which held them up to their waists. Smith then threw his pistol away and held up his hands to indicate his surrender. The Indians pulled him out of the mud and took him to the camp of Opechancanough, a short distance away. There they chafed his benumbed limbs and allowed him to warm himself before being brought into the presence of the chief.

"The two men gazed at each other curiously. Smith was a man to command attention anywhere.



SMITH THREW HIS PISTOL AWAY AND HELD UP HIS HANDS TO INDICATE HIS SURRENDER

He was stockily built and a luxuriant growth of whiskers made him seem older than he really was. His eye was clear and brave, and he did not waver as he looked into the face of this powerful chief surrounded as he was by scores of his braves, all thirsting for this stranger's death. The Indian himself was a man of commanding appearance and superior intelligence. He saw that he was dealing with a brave chief of the palefaces, and he was minded to learn something more about him. There would be time enough to put him to death later.

"After answering various questions through his guide, Smith bethought himself of a small compass which he carried, and this he presented gravely to the chief. The latter took it gingerly and examined it, then passed it around the council fire to the other braves. Many were their grunts and mutterings as they watched its little needle fly around. Smith then seized the opportunity to give them a little talk on natural science—the first ever delivered here in Virginia."

"But not the last!" murmured a voice from the front seats—none other than that of Clarence.

There was a running laugh at this sally, in which Miss Windsor joined, then she went on:

"He took the compass and showed them how its needle always pointed north, and how with it one could always find his way back to his lodge through the densest forest. Warming up to his theme, he tried to tell them about the North Star, then about

the progress of the sun and moon, and the roundness of the earth. The lecture, however, was too much for them—as other lectures down here since may have been. The luckless teacher was seized before he could finish it and tied up to a tree, with the intention of making him a target for archery practice."

"Served him right!" came from another irrepressible pupil, but others countered with, "No, it didn't!" and "Go ahead, Miss Windsor!"

"The compass, I think, saved his life; for before any of the braves could launch an arrow in his direction, Opechancanough held up his hand and bade them release the prisoner. He pointed to the flickering needle. 'I would know more of the white man's magic,' he said. The wily chief had other motives also for sparing him. He wanted to bring him alive before Powhatan and, as Smith found out later, he meditated an attack upon Jamestown and hoped to get Smith to aid him in this venture.

"As soon as Smith learned of this move against the colony he was filled with alarm. He must warn the settlers at any cost. An opportunity came to him within a day or two. An old man came to him and by signs bade him follow. In one of the wigwams a young brave lay dying. 'This is my son, great Medicine Man,' he said. 'Heal him by your magic.' Smith saw that the sufferer's days were numbered, but he dissembled. 'This will require greater medicine than I have at hand,' he said. 'Send one of your

braves down to Jamestown, and they will give him a marvelous cure.' 'How will they know what to send us?' asked the crafty Indians. 'I shall put magic signs on a talking leaf and they will know,' he replied.

"Thereupon he wrote a note on a piece of paper torn out of notebook, warning the colonists of the proposed attack and bidding them fire off the small cannon to impress the messengers; also telling them to send a vial of well water to him. Three savages at once set out and on the fourth day they returned. Their eyes were as big as saucers, while they related their adventures. The white man, they said, had welcomed them and given them the magic water, as their prisoner had predicted, but just as they were leaving the village a great noise like thunder had broken forth. The ground trembled beneath their feet, and they had fled as fast as they could from the anger of the white man's god, into the forest.

"Smith felt greatly relieved when he heard that his message of warning had been received. He knew that his friends would be on their guard and that the Indians would now hesitate about attacking them. Meanwhile, however, the wounded Indian had died, and the wrath of the others was kindled against him. They clamored again for his death, but the chief decided to bring him to their king, Powhatan, and let him decide Smith's fate.

"The occasion of this presentation at court was most impressive. The king wished to show this

THEY FLED AS FAST AS THEY COULD FROM THE ANGER OF THE WHITE MAN'S GOD

chief from across the seas the might and power of his own sway. As they entered his town Smith saw the road on each side lined with people, who gazed at him as if he were a demigod. Powhatan's village was much larger than others, and his palace was a long, barn-like structure, a hundred or more feet in length, built of saplings interlaced with mats.

"After being kept waiting for some time, Smith was escorted into this audience chamber. He found no less than two hundred braves all decked out in red paint and with feathers in their scalplocks standing at attention and forming a long lane leading up to

the throne on which sat Powhatan the mighty on a sort of dais strewn with animal skins. At his feet sat two of his favorite wives. He himself had on a fine robe of raccoon skins ornamented by many strands of great, gleaming pearls. He was a man of majestic appearance, about sixty years of age, with iron-gray hair, and an eagle-like countenance due to his piercing eyes and beak-like nose. Smith said later that he had stood before many princes in the course of his life, but none more kinglike than this savage lord.

"Powhatan addressed his captive guest gravely but kindly. He bade him be welcome and ordered food to be brought to him. When he had eaten, water was brought for him to wash his hands, by one of the wives, while another handed him a bunch of feathers for drying them. Meanwhile, the king conversed aside with his brother, Opechancanough, to learn what manner of man this was, and what the purpose of the colony. Not learning everything to his satisfaction, he began to question Captain Smith.

" 'Why do you come from across the seas and into my country, without asking my permission?' he asked.

"Smith replied that while they were sailing their great winged boat, a wind had directed them into this harbor, and that they had landed in order to bring gifts to the mighty Powhatan and make friends with him.

"This sounded fine, but the king looked at him

suspiciously. He told Smith that this was not the first time the paleface had sought to steal his land. Some years before, a company had come ashore farther to the south, but his braves had killed them and hung up a hundred scalps to dry in the sun. Thus Smith heard of the probable fate that had visited Raleigh's ill-fated colony. Powhatan went on to boast of his might and the wide extent of his kingdom. He wished to make this haughty paleface quail, as other prisoners had done, and beg for mercy. But Smith, in his own turn, began to return boast for boast. He told of the great white Father over in England who had a thousand winged ships which shot fire and death upon their enemies. 'Soon,' he said, 'others of these ships will come to your shores.'

"Smith's defiant speech made a deep impression upon Powhatan and his council. A long debate was held and many fierce glances were cast at this bold prisoner who dared to hurl defiance in the teeth of their king. At last Powhatan stood up and waved his hand. The signal was instantly greeted with a wild whoop of joy, and the savages brought into the center of the room a great stone. Two stalwart warriors followed bearing war clubs. Smith perceived that he had been condemned to death, but that instead of being tortured he was to meet it far more mercifully by having his brains dashed out. At the first blow he would know no more. He was seized, his arms were pinioned behind him, and he was

made to lie prostrate with his head upon the stone.

"At this moment occurred one of the most romantic deeds in all American history, if Smith's word is to be believed—and I, for one, do not want to doubt it. He had noticed standing to one side of the throne a little girl about ten years of age. She was slender and graceful, with large, expressive black eyes, and during all the trial of their captive she had hardly taken her eyes off him. To her this gallant man of the pale skin, about whom so many marvels had been told, was almost a god. Her eyes were full of sympathy for him, and she watched with dismay the preparations made for his execution. Her name was Pocahontas and she was the favorite daughter of the old king.

"Just as one of the huge clubs was raised in air, she gave a loud cry and rushing forward knelt down and placed her own head upon that of the condemned man, the while spreading wide her arms to shield his body.

" 'Spare him!' she cried. 'He must not die!'

"All Indians are fond of the dramatic and are superstitious. There was a moment of tense silence while the club still remained poised overhead. Then Powhatan spoke a few guttural words.

" 'Loose him; he may be of service to us!'

"The threatening clubs were slowly lowered, while Pocahontas herself loosed the prisoner's bonds. Then she turned to her father and spoke other pleading words, at the same time clasping one

He Seized His Guide and Placed Him in Front of Himself As a Shield

[*See Page 40*]

of Smith's big hands in both her small ones. Powhatan nodded his head in assent.

" 'He shall be your servant,' said the old chief. 'His life belongs to you.'

"Thus again was Smith's life saved. Some of the braves grumbled, but Powhatan's word was final. He shrewdly saw that Smith might be lured to betray Jamestown to them; and in any event this leader of the palefaces was a valuable pawn.

"Meanwhile, in the days that ensued, the Indian maid did not bother her head about affairs of state. She treated Smith as her own special knight and a person above the ordinary race of mortals. He carved out dolls and toys for her and, as best he could, told her of the strange, wonderful world beyond the seas. He also promised her a whole handful of beads when she should come to Jamestown to visit him. The little maid listened eagerly, her dark eyes fastened upon his face.

" 'Yes, I shall come to Jamestown,' she said; 'and I will always be your friend.'

"How good a friend this Indian girl was to prove to Smith and the entire colony, the next few months were to show. She was their ministering angel, saving them from starvation. We shall come to this later in our story. Just now, Smith was keenly anxious to return to the settlement. He wanted to know how the others fared, and to put them on their guard against possible attack. So he sought audience with Powhatan again, and the wily king promised to send

him back with a guard of honor—this guard, of course, to be suitably rewarded by gifts. True to his word, Smith was released in a few days and after bidding his little princess farewell he turned his face toward Jamestown—and not a moment too soon, as you shall see."

CHAPTER V

DARK DAYS IN JAMESTOWN

"MY story to-day," said Miss Windsor at the next session of her class, "takes us back to Jamestown and the very first Christmas spent by English people in the New World. But it was a dreary Christmas indeed. The common kettle that hung on the big fire had less and less in it. Captain Newport had not come back from England, nor had Smith and his party been heard from. There were only about forty left in the little colony and they were a discouraged lot. Ratcliffe, the president of the council, instead of setting a good example, was the most discouraged of all. He actually planned to seize the pinnace, the only ship left, and with half a dozen other deserters sail for England, leaving the colony to its fate.

"On a day early in January, 1608, they had completed all their plans and gone on board, ready to weigh anchor and hoist sail, when a great outcry arose on shore. Captain Smith had returned, that very day, with an Indian escort. His quick eye caught at a glance what was forward.

" 'Come back, you poltroons!' he shouted, and when they hesitated he followed his orders with

musket shots. Others on shore rallied to Smith, and they made it so hot for the conspirators that they surrendered. Ratcliffe and his accomplice, Wingfield, were held on board under guard.

"Smith had promised Powhatan two of the small cannon, which that monarch greatly coveted, and now pointed to them lying on the ground and told his Indian escorts to take them to their king. But when the savages tried to do so, they found them much too heavy to lift, so they perforce had to be content with smaller gifts. Smith sent several strands of bright beads back to Pocahontas. Then to impress the redskins he ordered a cannon to be fired up into the ice-laden branches of a tree. At the deafening report and the sight of the shower of ice the frightened natives ran into the woods as fast as their legs could carry them.

"A new peril threatened Smith. Others in the colony, jealous of his authority, brought formal charges against him for the loss of his two companions who had been slain by the Indians. Smith promptly turned the tables on his accusers by arresting them and sending them on board the pinnace with the other prisoners. Then he tried to put heart into the rest of the colonists.

" 'Have courage, men,' he admonished them. 'The Indians are now our friends and have promised to send us food.'

"Sure enough, in a few days a line of savages was seen filing out of the forest, with Pocahontas at their

head. They brought corn, venison, and other welcome supplies, and the colonists hailed them with shouts of joy. As for the little princess, she looked around with wondering but unafraid eyes, and marched straight up to her hero with her gifts. 'They are for you,' she said. 'We will bring more in two, three days.'

"She was as good as her word. Time and again she would come to the village and never empty-handed. The colonists came to regard her as an 'angel of light,' and ever after spoke of her as the 'Blessed Pocahontas.'

"Shortly after this another great shout arose, one Winter day, and all the men crowded down to the wharf looking out to sea. 'A sail! a sail!' they shouted. The speck of white grew bigger and bigger and soon there was no doubt of it. Captain Newport's ship was coming back at last.

"He brought with him a hundred and twenty new settlers, and much-needed supplies. But as soon as Smith and some of the other colonists looked the new arrivals over, they shook their heads. There was not a single soldier among them, and only a few laborers. The rest, as formerly, were 'gentlemen,' who had come over expecting to gain easy wealth by digging gold. There were one jeweler, one perfumer, two gold refiners, two goldsmiths, and six tailors in the company, to say nothing of men swaggering around in velvets and sashes, expecting somebody to wait upon them!

"The forebodings of Smith and his friends proved only too true. That Spring, instead of tilling the soil and clearing the forest, these gentlemen wandered about over the sands searching eagerly for gold. They found glittering yellow particles here and there in the sand and eagerly scooped them up and, despite Smith's protests, loaded a ship with the stuff and sent it back to England, where it was promptly dubbed—what it was—'fool's gold.'

"As for Smith, thoroughly disgusted with the way things were going, he obtained permission from Newport to make further explorations. He fitted up a barge which would go into shallow waters, and taking a crew of fourteen men went up the Potomac for some distance, making a map of its banks. He next explored Chesapeake Bay and made the first maps of its shores. He met several tribes of Indians, among them the Susquehannas, the Patuxents, and the Rappahannocks. Once or twice the savages threatened to attack, but Smith's bold front held them at bay. He held amicable powwows with most of them.

"In September when he returned to Jamestown it was to find matters still in a bad condition. A half-hearted attempt had been made at farming, but a large part of the corn, beans and other vegetables had been eaten as raised, instead of being put aside for the Winter. Consequently there was not nearly enough to see them through. Many of the men were still loafing about in an unconcerned way, but now

found their days of idleness were over. The council chose Smith as President, and he commanded every man who wished to eat, to go to work. Their first rude church had been burned down, so some were set to work to build a new one; others to build or repair the tumbledown houses; others to strengthen the fortifications; and still others to dig a better well for water, as many had become sick from drinking polluted water. In a word, there was work in plenty for all—as he quickly proved to them.

"Then he went again to Powhatan to trade for food for the Winter. That wily savage wanted to drive a sharp bargain, and insisted upon some guns and swords as part of the purchase price.

"The next month another shipload of colonists arrived—and again Smith held up his hands in despair. Instead of the carpenters, farmers, and blacksmiths that he had hoped for, there were more gentlemen, besides soap-boilers and glassmakers.

" 'What folly!' he exclaimed. 'We need men to till the ground and build houses. Soap and glass can be bought nearer at home in Holland.'

"Captain Newport explained that the London Company was displeased with the poor returns from the colony thus far, especially after the shipload of 'fool's gold,' and thought that soap or glass factories might be set up over here. It only showed how densely ignorant the people in England were, concerning Virginia, and Smith shook his head hopelessly.

"'If you want a return cargo worth while,' he told Newport, 'why not take back a load of fine cedar wood.' This he did, and the valuable cargo was the first of many to be sent over from the colony.

"Still the London Company wanted to run things their own way. Other poorly assorted shiploads of men were sent over, until there were about five hundred in Virginia. But it was not a harmonious, working colony. It was split up into factions, each wanting to go its own way and paying little heed to Smith's authority. One incident will illustrate this. A company had come upstream as far as where our city of Richmond now stands, to build a fort and town. But they made the same mistake as at Jamestown, of choosing a low, marshy spot on the riverbank. Smith advised them to seek higher ground, and he himself treated with the Indians to get land. The men were stubborn and a quarrel ensued. In disgust he started back down the river, and the Indians made a raid on the new fort. Smith, hearing the racket, put back. The savages fled, and the now cowed settlers placed themselves unreservedly in his hands for direction. On their way downstream an accident happened to him, which hastened his plans for leaving the colony. A bag of gunpowder exploded in his boat, burning him so frightfully that in his agony he leaped overboard and was nearly drowned. He was taken back to Jamestown a very sick man, but at the time when he lay writhing on a bed of torment with no skilled surgeon in the settle-

ment, his enemies worked the hardest for his removal. They did not want a taskmaster and were jealous of his authority. A ship was about to sail for England, and he was carried on board. He was too feeble to protest, and he felt that his day was over. And so Captain John Smith departed from

In His Agony He Leaped Overboard

our shores, poorer than he had come—he of the stout heart and good sword. Virginia never saw his face again, nor a leader his equal for many a weary day."

"Did he die of his burns?" asked one of his namesakes.

"No, he recovered and made other famous voyages across the Atlantic, as he never lost interest in

the New World. Some of his most important explorations were along Cape Cod, and it was largely due to his reports that the Pilgrim Fathers came to Plymouth, a few years later.[1] He drew maps of the whole coastline from Virginia north and wrote books which were eagerly read in Europe and had no little influence in bringing other colonists to America. The Plymouth Company was so pleased with his services that they conferred upon him the title of 'Admiral of New England,' a high-sounding but empty honor, as he had no fleet to command. He passed his last years in England writing histories and accounts of his adventures. He never married, but was wont to speak of Virginia and New England as his children.

" 'I may call them my children,' he said, 'for they have been my wife, my hawks, my hounds, my cards, my dice, and in total my best content.' "

"Did he ever see Pocahontas again?" asked Winifred Trask.

"Yes—years afterwards. When Pocahontas was grown, another Virginian, John Rolfe by name, fell in love with her and obtained her father's consent to marry her. She had long since been baptized in the little church in Jamestown, and had learned many of the ways of the English, with our religion. She is spoken of as being a modest and cultured young woman. When Rolfe took her as a bride back to England she received such high honors on her own

[1] See "Massachusetts," in this series.

account and as the daughter of an American 'king,' that it was enough to turn her head. But she never forgot her simplicity and native charm. Nor did she forget her childhood's hero. They told her he was away on his travels, and some said that he was dead. But at last he returned, and at court he came face to face with this charming young woman dressed in European clothes and speaking cultivated English. You can imagine how difficult it was at first to recognize in her his little maiden of the forest. She, however, knew him at a glance and rushed up to him with both arms outstretched, little heeding the wondering courtiers about.

" 'My father!' she cried.

" 'Welcome to England,' he greeted her, raising her hand to his lips, with respect. For over in England she was the Princess Rebecca and a great lady.

" 'My father!' she exclaimed again.

" 'Nay,' he protested, 'I dare not allow that title, for I am only a humble soldier, while you are a king's daughter.'

" 'Captain Smith *dare* not?' she asked, looking at him steadily. 'When before have I ever known my Captain to be afraid? I tell you, I *will* call you father, and you must call me daughter. I shall be your child forever and ever, for now I am an Englishwoman!' "

"Good for Pocahontas!" exclaimed one of the girls. "She was the right sort!"

"Yes," agreed Miss Windsor, "Pocahontas is one

of the finest and most appealing figures in our colonial history. We are all proud that she belongs to Virginia."

"What became of the colony after Smith went away?" asked Clarence Courtney.

"I was just coming back to that. Evil days indeed now descended upon these misguided men. Their supplies fell lower and lower until they reached the vanishing point, and no more ships came to their relief for many weeks. The Indians refused to feed them longer, and openly expressed their contempt for men who couldn't support themselves but must always come begging bread. They had respected and feared Smith, and with him gone they became insolent and threatening.

"That Winter of the year 1609 was the blackest in all our annals. It was known ever after as the 'Starving Time.' The wretched men huddled together on that little point of land, shut in by snow and ice and lurking savages, ate everything edible in sight—even the rats that infested their miserable homes. They dug up frozen roots and gnawed them. Dead animals were devoured. So many horrible stories have been told of this terrible time, that I shall not dwell upon it. As a result the men died so rapidly of sickness, starvation, and exposure, that only sixty were left alive by the dawn of Spring.

"It was only a question of a few days when these also would perish, when succor at last arrived. One day in May the poor survivors saw two small vessels

approaching but were too weak to give a shout of welcome. On board was the new governor of the colony, Sir Thomas Gates, who had set sail from England months before and had reached them only after hardships of his own. His ship, the *Sea Venture,* had been driven off its course by a storm and wrecked on a reef of the Bermuda Isles. The crew had escaped to shore, and lived off sea-food and wild goats, the while they built two smaller vessels from the wreckage and other timbers, and thus continued their voyage to Virginia.

"Gates was sorely disappointed, after all his own troubles, to find this scene of decay and death, instead of the promising colony he had expected. As for the survivors, they begged him piteously to take them away from this accursed spot. 'Anywhere,' they pleaded, 'where they might have a mouthful of food and not be in constant danger of the arrows of the savages!'

"As he had brought very little food with him on his small ships, Gates yielded to their pleas and made ready to abandon the colony and take all on board farther up the coast. All preparations were made and as a final move the colonists made ready to burn the church and all the buildings to the ground. They wanted to blot out Jamestown forever. But the governor demurred. 'No,' he said, 'we will preserve them for some possible future colony.' It was well that he did so, for on the very morning they were hoisting sail, they were astounded

to see a longboat coming up the river. 'We are from Lord Delaware's fleet,' said the men on board, after hails were exchanged. 'He is the new governor and is coming to-day to Jamestown.'

"In this dramatic way the ill-fated colony was again saved, and by the narrowest of margins. Better times were at hand at last. But I must reserve my story of what happened next until another session."

CHAPTER VI

THE COLONY MOVES FORWARD

"WITH the coming of Lord Delaware a new era began for our colony," continued Miss Windsor. "He soon showed the malcontents that he was not to be trifled with. He brought with him full powers from the London Company, and he at once did away with the Council, which had been the cause of so much bickering. Some of his chief officers formed a sort of privy council, but in any emergency his word was law. He ordered the gentlemen idlers to go to work, and he saw to it that they did so. The hours of labor were fixed from six to ten in the forenoon, and two to four in the afternoon. At ten and four a bell rang, as a signal for all to cease labor and to go to church.

"Lord Delaware himself set the example by attending in full regalia. There was a green velvet chair placed for him at one side of the altar, and the service was conducted with as much solemnity as if in the old country. I like to think of these, the very first church services to be conducted in America—for this was still some years before the first New England colonies. The church itself was a good-sized structure, sixty feet long by twenty-four feet

wide. It had narrowly escaped being burned when the settlers were about to abandon the town. Delaware had it repaired, and placed in it a lofty pulpit and baptismal font, besides cedar pews. It was the largest house in the town, until a warehouse was built, which was about one hundred feet long. There were also a guradhouse, a market place, and homes on two streets facing the fort. The houses were mostly built of logs and a few were two stories high.

"Not only did Lord Delaware interest himself in rebuilding and fortifying the town, but he also saw to it that the farms and gardens were cultivated and a store of food laid up. When the Indians became troublesome he headed an expedition in person against them, and built a fort up here where our city of Richmond now stands. But this fort was soon after abandoned. He also built Forts Henry and Charles on Southampton River. Unfortunately, the climate of Jamestown proved bad for him, as it had for many others. He fell sick within the year, and was compelled to return to England.

"Sir Thomas Dale, the next governor, arrived in the month of May, 1611, with three ships freighted with supplies and new colonists. Dale is spoken of as an able but harsh ruler. In order to compel every man to labor, he established martial law. He punished idleness or insubordination with extreme cruelty. Some were put in irons for no other offense than trying to escape from the colony. Others

"THE SPANISH! THE SPANISH!"

plotted against the governor and were put to death by hanging and a cruel torture called 'breaking on the wheel.' Yet with all his cruelty Dale gradually put the colony on a firmer basis than ever before.

"One day a great alarm was sounded at the water-front: 'The Spanish! the Spanish!' Sure enough, there in the offing were six sail, and the colonists feared the worst—that their ancient foes, the Spaniards, had come up from Florida to destroy their town. Dale instantly gave orders to man the two or three small ships in harbor, and try to repel the foe. A 'small shallop with thirty good shot' was sent out

to reconnoiter. Soon it came back with the joyful news that the fleet was not Spanish, but English. It was commanded by Sir Thomas Gates with still more men and supplies. So Dale fired a welcoming salute from his culverin, instead of the hostile shot he had made ready for the enemy.

"With this accession the colony now numbered seven hundred, and great plans were made for opening up the back country. One of the most ambitious was the founding of a town higher up on the James River, above the present City Point. It was a natural fortification surrounded on three sides by the river, and the fourth side was well palisaded. Three streets were laid out in the new town with substantial houses and a handsome church. It was named Henrico, or Henricus, in honor of Prince Henry, the son of James I. Back of the town was a large public plantation, 'twelve English miles of ground,' enclosed by stout palisades and defended by blockhouses. Still another plantation was called 'New Bermuda.' Dale also parceled out some tracts of three acres each; but since the owners were required to work for the community eleven out of the twelve months in the year, they had little time to develop their property.

"John Rolfe—the same John who married Pocahontas—had one of these tracts near Henrico. He and his young wife 'lived civilly and lovingly together,' says one of the old chronicles, and it was undoubtedly because of her that Powhatan kept peace

with the English. Rolfe was one of the first to cultivate tobacco in Virginia—a source of future great wealth to the country. Up to this time the colony had been conducted at a loss. Very little of value had been sent back, as the settlers had been mainly occupied in keeping body and soul together. Rolfe had observed the Indians growing tobacco on a small scale for their own use, and had heard of the favor with which it was received in England where smoking and snuff-taking were quite the fashion. 'Why cannot we grow it in large crops, and sell it abroad?' he asked. He began on his own land and was so successful in both cultivating and selling it that the whole colony got the tobacco fever. Every other kind of farming was given up. 'The houses were neglected,' says one old writer, 'the palisades suffered to rot down, the fields, gardens, and public squares, even the very streets of Jamestown, were planted with tobacco. The townspeople, more greedy of gain than mindful of their own security, scattered abroad into the wilderness, where they broke up small pieces of rich ground and made their crops, regardless of their proximity to the Indians, in whose good faith so little reliance could be placed.'

"Within three or four years the colony paid its debts and began to show a profit for the first time. Tobacco came to be recognized as the medium of exchange, or money, of Virginia—just as beaver-skins were so regarded in the North. A thing was

worth so much tobacco—and this remained true in both Virginia and Maryland for the next century or more. Why, we even find the colonists buying their wives with it, a little later."

"Wives!" said three of the girls in chorus, whereat there was a loud laugh from the other side of the room.

"Yes," answered Miss Windsor. "You see, there were almost no women over here, at first. But when the colony began to show that it could be self-supporting, the London Company wisely decided that the men would only remain contented by having homes of their own. Up to this time they had been rovers and adventurers, intent on winning a fortune so that they could go back to England, or elsewhere, and spend it. But if they once married here and settled down, then the country would grow. So a shipload of young women was sent over, and on their arrival in Virginia it was stipulated that no man could obtain one for his wife without first gaining her consent; and then he was to pay the cost of her passage, which was a hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco. The colonists thronged the wharf on the ship's arrival and so brisk was the bidding that shortly every fair passenger had found a home here in America and a sturdy young colonist for husband. So successful was the experiment that other ships with prospective brides were sent over, from time to time, for several years afterward.

"Other governors succeeded Dale and Gates.

"Spare Him!" She Cried. "He Must Not Die!"
[*See Page 48*]

Sir George Yeardley came over in the Spring of 1619, bringing with him the good news that henceforth the colony was to make its own laws. A Great Charter had been granted, which provided for a General Assembly, and every citizen was to have a vote in choosing its members. Governor Yeardley convened the first of these Assemblies in July of that same year, and it has the distinction of being the very first legislative body brought together in America. It was the pattern of freedom for later colonies, and it has left its influence in our Constitution itself.

"There were eleven districts, represented by two burgesses each, showing the size of the colony at this time. They met in the old church in Jamestown until a more suitable building could be erected. You will hear much, in the years to follow, of the House of Burgesses and its struggle with the Crown.

"Governor Yeardley, who was mild and well-meaning, was succeeded by Captain Samuel Argall, who is given a black character by one and all of the historians. He was overbearing and disagreeable in his manners, and confiscated the property of various colonists on one pretext or another. Hearing that charges were to be preferred against him in London, he loaded a ship with plunder and sailed away from Virginia, leaving no regrets from those on shore. And great was the satisfaction when Yeardley was reappointed.

"I must close my little talk to-day with the story

of another shipload of immigrants who were purchased outright for tobacco, and without their knowledge or consent. In the Summer of 1619, a small Dutch ship sailed up James River and cast anchor at the wharf. When asked what they had on board, the captain answered, 'We have twenty negars (negroes) from Africa, which we will sell for servants.' The planters purchased them and put them to good use in the tobacco plantations—for the Indians never could be persuaded to work. More shiploads came, and still more. This was the beginning of the slave trade which was to cast its dark shadow over our history in the years to come."

CHAPTER VII

THE INDIAN MASSACRE

"WITH the year 1622 affairs in Virginia looked prosperous," said Miss Windsor, as she took up her story at the next class session. "I have already told you that they had a stable government of their own, with eleven districts represented in the House of Burgesses. There were about four thousand people in the colony, and rather widely scattered, due to the cultivation of tobacco. Little groups of settlers had cleared their plantations all along the James River and at points on the Chesapeake Bay. Some were several miles inland. The fields smiled with plenty; the old era of hand-to-mouth was past. Pleasant homes showed themselves in the clearings, with children playing about or laughing and talking to the occasional Indian who smiled at them as he passed.

"The Indians had been peaceful for so long, that the settlers ceased to consider them, except as a conquered race. The whites even taught them the use of firearms, and Governor Yeardley employed an Indian to hunt game for him. The colonists far outnumbered them here in the eastern part of Virginia, as the Indians had removed their villages

farther to the west. But they passed back and forth freely, trading goods, and whenever a native came into a settler's home he was always assured of a welcome and a meal.

"But, unknown to the settlers, a new order of things was dawning in the red man's camp. Powhatan, the all-powerful, died in 1618, and Pocahontas had gone to England where she also died, a young woman, before she could come back to her native land. The ambitious chief, Opechancanough, then seized the reins of power. He had long cherished the secret design of exterminating the paleface and restoring his land to the condition it was in before Jamestown was founded. Then the red man could roam and hunt undisturbed, without let or hindrance.

"No sooner was he in power than he began to mature his plans. Tribe after tribe was visited and fell under the sway of his rude eloquence. But so secretly was the plotting done that no inkling of it reached the ears of the colonists. The Indians still continued to visit back and forth freely. The plotting went forward, actually, for four years and not a syllable of it reached the ears of the unsuspecting white men.

"One ambitious brave named Nemattanow, but whom the settlers called 'Jack of the Feather' because of the lone eagle feather that he always wore, gave himself such high and mighty airs that he was suspected of wanting war. He had boasted that no

paleface bullet could ever harm him. No special attention was paid to him, however, and when he went one day to the house of a man named Morgan, asking for some trinkets that had fascinated him, the planter who was in the fields started with him to the house. On the way the Indian murdered him in cold blood, and then went to the house and helped himself to what he desired. A white man employed by Morgan tried to arrest the savage, in order to take him before the Governor, and in the struggle the Indian was slain.

"The wily Opechancanough did not show any

He Locked and Unlocked It a Dozen Times a Day

open resentment at this, but assured the Governor that 'the sky might fall sooner than he would break the peace.' A few days later, some Englishmen who had become lost in the forest were furnished with Indian guides to take them safely home. Other Indians in twos and threes continued to come into the plantations bringing wild game and other things for trade, and sitting at the planters' tables with the greatest outward show of friendliness.

"Came the morning of March the 22nd, in this fateful year of 1622. It was a bright morning of early Spring. Much work waited for the busy colonists, and they were abroad early. Some had had Indian guests the night before, and here and there the red men still lingered, but this was not unusual. Waving them a farewell, or nodding their heads as they passed, the white men scattered to their various duties. Then suddenly, without warning, the blow fell. Opechancanough's plans were ripe. He had trusted braves scattered all over the white man's country for an extent of one hundred and forty miles. The Indians rose up and began to slay the very persons who had entertained them—many of them friends of years' standing.

"It was one of the bloodiest massacres in American history. The men were at work in the fields, or unarmed. The women and children were at the mercy of these red men who had suddenly turned to fiends, yelling, screeching, dancing around, waving their tomahawks and thirsting for blood. In a little settle-

ment of Falling Creek, near our Richmond, there were twenty-four persons. Only two escaped—a boy and a girl who were out in the fields and, hearing the tumult, hid themselves. The same terrible slaughter occurred at a score of places small and large. One of the most upright men of the colony, George Thorpe, lived at Berkeley. He was a personal friend of Opechancanough, and had built for the chief a house of English pattern, which had delighted him hugely. The chief was especially pleased with the lock and key in the front door, and locked and unlocked it a dozen times a day, meanwhile letting the large key dangle proudly at his belt. Mr. Thorpe's personal servant had warned him that Opechancanough was not to be trusted, but he had thought it an idle warning. He paid for his trust with his life. He was killed and his body hacked to pieces in a dreadful manner.

"The redskins also set fire to the towns, to add to the horror, and many a home was blotted out, that tragic day, with all its inmates. No prisoners were taken. Little children and their mothers, old men, ministers who had often preached to these same savages,—all alike fell victims to the tomahawk and club. In some places, the surprised men rallied and using any weapon they might lay their hands upon, succeeded in repulsing the savages. Before sunset of that single, bloody day, three hundred and forty-seven persons were slain, including six members of the Governor's Council. And for over a hundred

miles the plantations had been laid waste as though a cyclone had visited them."

As Miss Windsor paused for a moment to point out to them on the map behind her the extent of the massacre, Clarence asked: "Was Jamestown destroyed?"

"No, Jamestown was the one place where they had warning. A man named Pace, living near the town, had an Indian boy in his service, whom he had treated more like a son than a servant. And the boy, in turn, was devoted to him. An older brother of the lad came to see him, the night before, and revealed the plot to him. It was the boy's duty, he said, to kill his benefactor. Thus in one day, he said, there wouldn't be a single white person left alive in Virginia. The boy listened with inward horror, but did not betray his real feelings to his brother. The next morning early, after the brave had gone, the boy crept into his master's bedroom and told him the whole story. At first Mr. Pace could not believe it, but the boy was so earnest that he took alarm and mounting his best horse rode into Jamestown and warned the people there. As a result, when the whooping savages came down the river they found the gates closed and large guns and small peering grimly at them from the walls. So the town was saved.

"The days which immediately followed were filled with bitterness and mourning. The savages had retreated as rapidly as they had struck, but as the

colonists wandered around their ruined estates and buried their dead they swore vengeance against them —a vengeance which was exacted in quite as bloody a fashion as the savages' own. No quarter was given. The Indians were hunted relentlessly to the farthest parts of the province. Their power was broken for

He Rode into Jamestown and Warned the People There

many years to come. Yet the menace was still there. And so the planters did not dare scatter so widely and lay themselves open for attack. They crowded together into a few larger settlements lying along the river. This move made the colony much less

prosperous, and an epidemic of sickness caused by living too close together that Summer still farther depleted their ranks.

"When news of the Virginia Massacre reached England it created a profound sensation. King James offered to send military supplies then lying idle in the Tower of London, but they were found to be out of date and worthless. Captain John Smith offered his services to the Company, to go over and subdue the Indians, but they did not act upon his suggestions. Many of the shareholders in the Company were by this time discouraged and ready to quit. The King took advantage of the situation to annul its charter and take the affairs of the colony into his own hands. For a long time he had been jealous of the powers vested in the Company, and the authority of the Virginia House of Burgesses. Now he promised the colony the same rights and liberties, but as we shall see, that promise was not well kept."

CHAPTER VIII

THE FAMOUS SIR WILLIAM BERKELEY

"THERE are many details of those early years of Virginia that I must pass over," continued Miss Windsor, "for we must go on to the stirring times that await us ahead. However, for a clearer view of what is going on in the colony at this time, you must also watch the course of events in England. James I was succeeded by Charles I, that ill-fated monarch who lost his head at the time the Commonwealth was declared. Virginia was the home of the Cavaliers, or adherents of the Crown; while New England was the stronghold of the Puritans. Yet the Virginians were by no means so loyal to the throne as to forget their own liberties.

"For instance, while Charles was still on the throne he sent over as governor a certain Sir John Harvey, who was so unfair and unpopular that the House of Burgesses deposed him and sent him packing back to England. They also sent an embassy to the King to tell him why Sir John wasn't wanted. But the King flew into a royal rage and said they had insulted him in insulting his representative—and sent Sir John back again.

"Still another troubled incident of this time was

the arrival of Lord Baltimore from England. He was a Roman Catholic, but not a bigot. He is spoken of as having been a man of high character and liberal views. On account of the religious struggles over in his home land, he came to Virginia to see if he couldn't found a colony here of persons of his own faith. But the Burgesses at Jamestown refused to allow him to remain unless he gave an oath of allegiance which his creed would not allow. So Lord Baltimore turned to the north and in the headwaters of Chesapeake Bay, where the Virginians had not yet made any settlements, he established a colony.

"This was the beginning of Maryland, and its founding so close to their borders was for a long time a sore subject with the Virginians, who regarded all this country as part of their own grant. One man, Clayborne 'the rebel,' tried to found an opposing colony there, and a lively sea fight took place on the waters of the Bay, which resulted in a victory for Baltimore. But this story more nearly belongs to Maryland, which I hope to be able to tell you about, some day.[1]

"Now I must hasten on to the arrival of the greatest of the royal governors—Sir William Berkeley. He came to Virginia in 1642, and for the next thirty years or more, with short intermissions, held the chief place on our stage. He was a fine figure of a man—an elegant English gentleman of polished

[1] See "Maryland" in this series.

OPECHANCANOUGH HAD TO BE CARRIED ON A LITTER

manners and gentle speech. His politeness was proverbial. He was a Cavalier of the Cavaliers. But he proved later that under the velvet glove was a gauntlet of iron; and under the courtly smile the will of a despot.

"Sir William had a fine estate not far from Jamestown, called 'Greenspring.' There were a thousand acres in it, with farms and gardens and private hunting preserves. A lordly mansion of English style graced the well-kept grounds. He had fifteen hundred apple trees, besides many other fruit-bearing trees and a fine vineyard. By this time grapes were

being cultivated here to make Virginia wine. Sir William kept open house and entertained royally, but he strongly favored the Cavalier party and had scant welcome for the Puritans and dissenters, who had come in small numbers to Virginia.

"It was not long before the open breach came. One day a group of downcast people were gathered before the Puritan meeting-house, whose doors were closed and locked. They were reading a proclamation, signed by the Governor, forbidding them to 'teach or preach, publicly or privately,' and ordering them to 'depart the colony with all convenience.' It meant for them one of two things—to give up their religious liberties, or to seek new homes in the wilderness. While they stood debating their next move, William Clayborne, the 'rebel' that I have already mentioned, came forward with the suggestion that they go up toward Maryland and plant a new colony there. But it was like jumping out of the frying pan into the fire.

"And now still another event occurred to test the new Governor's mettle. It was an Indian uprising, and you will be surprised when I tell you it was under Opechancanough."

"Opechancanough!" echoed one of the Smiths. "Why, he must have been a century old, by this time!"

Some of the other boys laughed at this outburst, but Miss Windsor agreed with him. "Yes, he must have been nearly a hundred years old, but in this

stern old warrior's breast the hatred for the English had never died. He still dreamed of the time when his country could be freed of these invaders. His eyesight was now so poor that, it is said, his eyelids had to be lifted up by others; and his tall, spare form was bent and he had to be carried on a litter. But the tribes still looked up to him as their king, and to him they came with their grievances. They told him that the paleface did not abide by his treaties, but pushed his own lands farther and farther to the west, driving the red man before him and frightening out all the game. Between you and me, I think the Indians had a just grievance. We would probably have felt the same way about it, if we had been Indians.

"The aged chieftain summoned his braves to him for a last stand. He led in person an attack upon some outlying settlements near Pamunkey and to the south of the James, and again it was a bloody day for the colony. Three hundred were massacred in this surprise attack which occurred on an April day in 1644.

"No sooner had tidings reached Sir William Berkeley, than he organized an expedition to hunt out the savages ruthlessly. They had sowed the wind, they reaped the whirlwind. Into the farthest recesses of the forest they were chased and slain as so many wild animals. There is no doubt that if Opechancanough had been still vigorous he would have made a more determined fight. His litter-

carriers tried to conceal him in the wilderness but he was found and captured. He was brought a prisoner into Jamestown, where for so many years both he and Powhatan had disdained to come, and here left on view in the market place. As the curious crowd jostled about him, he asked a boy attendant to raise his eyelids. The dimming eyes took one scornful look at the gaping throng.

" 'Tell your Governor,' he said to one of the soldiers, 'that if it had been my fortune to take Sir William Berkeley prisoner, I would have disdained to make a show of him!' "

"Fine!" said Clarence.

"Yes, but not strictly truthful. The old chieftain forgot about the time so long ago when he had first captured Captain John Smith and exhibited him from village to village."

"What happened to old Opechancanough?" asked one of the girls.

"He was not long held as a show. It seems that one of his guards had a personal grudge against him. Who knows? Perhaps some of the soldier's own family or friends had fallen victims to the savages. At any rate, he shot the defenseless prisoner in the back, and he died soon after. His restless spirit found peace at last, and with his going was ended the first long struggle between the colonists and the Indians.

"Hardly had these troubles been settled when far more serious ones appeared. Over in England,

Cromwell's men defeated the Cavalier party and, in 1649, Charles I was beheaded. The occurrence sent a thrill of horror through all Virginia, and the House of Burgesses passed strong resolutions condemning the act and declaring Virginia's allegiance to his son, Charles II, now an exile in Holland. Many of the Cavaliers came over to Virginia, where they were warmly welcomed and thus increased the royalist sentiment in our colony. Berkeley found himself more strongly in power than ever. But Cromwell's arm was long, as the Cavaliers found to their sorrow. The stern Lord Protector of England would not brook this defiance from across the seas. He sent over a fleet with orders to subdue Virginia.

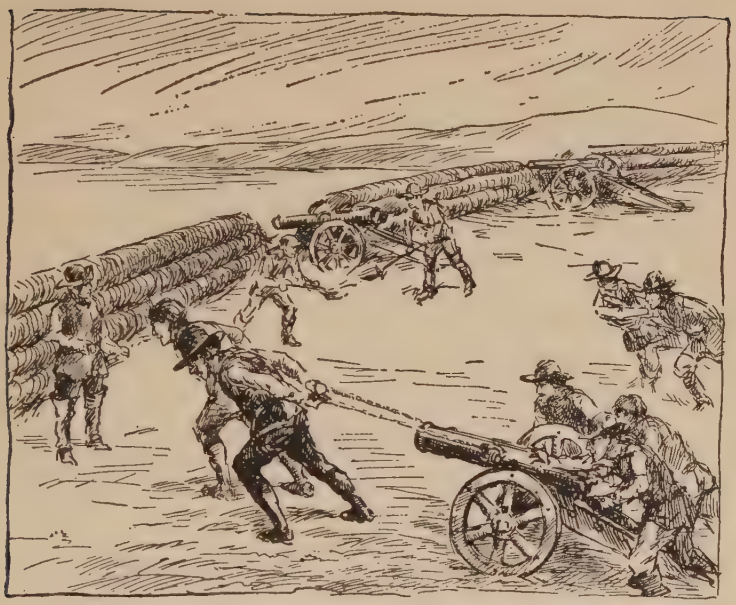
"News of the fleet's coming awakened a fierce fighting spirit here. The fort at Jamestown was strengthened and every available gun was placed in position. As one of the English frigates sailed boldly up the James, it seemed as though hostilities might begin at any moment. But at this critical juncture a longboat was lowered from the ship and under a flag of truce made for the landing. The captain demanded audience with Governor Berkeley and was ushered into his presence. After a long parley with him and members of his council, the colonists prudenly surrendered. Virginia agreed to obey the Commonwealth. This episode has always been interesting to me, as it marks the first attempt over here to throw off the foreign yoke.

But it was over a hundred years too soon, and besides we were still holding fealty to a king.

"Sir William, swearing bitterly at the new order of things, was allowed to retire to private life in Virginia. He still kept open house to his Cavalier friends and doubtless cursed the Roundheads, as Cromwell's men were called, from the fact that their hair was closely cropped, while the Cavaliers wore theirs long, or with a queue. The House of Burgesses chose new members and went on its way quietly enough under Commonwealth governors. The war in England was too far away to upset things here greatly; and besides the Puritans were outnumbered by the Cavaliers and did not want to be the first to 'start anything.'

"With the death of Cromwell and the restoration of Charles II to the throne, in 1660, the Virginia royalists came joyfully into their own again. Berkeley was again chosen Governor, and lost no time in tendering in person the loyalty of his colony to the throne. King Charles is said to have been deeply touched at this word from across the seas, and at his coronation wore a silk coat made in Virginia. The term 'Old Dominion,' was first applied to our colony at this time, for its loyalty to the throne. However, Charles was an idle and pleasure-loving monarch who did little for Virginia, beyond giving away some of our choicest lands to his favorites.

"As for Virginia, the troubled times in England had resulted in a great increase of population here.



EVERY AVAILABLE GUN WAS PLACED IN POSITION

In twenty years, from 1650 to 1670, the population grew from 15,000 to 40,000—a very large growth for those days. There were, besides, two thousand slaves and eight thousand freemen (white servants who had earned their freedom). Some of these formed a cavalry regiment to hold the Indians in check. There were five forts along the waterfront, and as many as eighty ships a year came from England for trade. So you see, Virginia was a busy and an important place indeed, by this time.

"Governor Berkeley was in many respects a good ruler, but in other ways he was narrow. He attributed the rebellion against the king, in England,

to the spread of education, and so he opposed any public schools in Virginia—"

"Those were the happy days!" murmured a voice which sounded like Clarence's.

Miss Windsor joined in the laugh. "Yes," she said, "for those who don't like school, those were the happy days. Sir William himself said in an official report of his colony: 'I thank God there are no free schools, nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best governments. God keep us from both!'

"I must close my story for to-day with a gloomy scene from Sir William's stormy life. Please do not forget that his rule, or influence, extended over more than thirty years, and he did many things for the benefit of the colony. But the last picture does not redound to his credit. His career ended under a cloud, as he showed himself then to be a bloodthirsty tyrant.

"The time is famous in our early history as that of 'Bacon's Rebellion'—and is actually the first blow for freedom and people's rights. It occurred just a hundred years before the Revolution, and was actuated partly by the very things that caused the later war. Charles II had forgotten his gratitude to his subjects in Virginia. He imposed strict shipping laws which forbade us to trade with any country except England, and taxes were imposed on both

sides of the Atlantic. This caused great hardship and grumbling among the tobacco planters, who were almost brought to ruin. To add injustice to injury, Charles with a royal scratch of the pen bestowed huge grants upon some of his favorites, to hold for their own private gain. This roused such a great outcry that the careless King made haste to revoke his grants; but the mischief had been done.

"To add to the colony's troubles, the Indians were growing turbulent again in the back country, and Berkeley did not take energetic measures to stop them. It is charged that he was afraid to get together an army, for fear the soldiers would turn against him and the King. In any event, when a young planter of good family, Nathaniel Bacon by name, applied for a commission to raise a troop against the Indians, his plea was refused. The fiery young man then took matters in his own hands, defied the haughty old aristocrat, and raised a company which marched against the savages and routed them. Berkeley fell into a great rage at this and declared Bacon a rebel and his rangers outlaws. He sent a troop of regulars against them, ordering them to disperse.

"For the next four months of this year of 1676, there were stirring times indeed in Virginia. Public sentiment was about evenly divided between upholding the Governor's authority or supporting this popular leader of the people's rights. At one encounter Berkeley was worsted and forced to flee

from Jamestown, but he soon returned with a thousand men and recaptured it. During the fighting the town was burned. Bacon, meanwhile, had fallen ill and died from either poisoning or swamp fever. The victorious Governor made his power felt with a vengeance. He hunted out the fallen rebel's followers and showed them no mercy. A public gibbet was set up in Jamestown and for days thereafter the shuddering citizens were greeted with the sight of some one of their neighbors or friends dangling there. Twenty-three were thus put to death and many more imprisoned, and the tyrant's hand was only stayed by the entreaties of the Burgesses. One of them said that 'he believed the Governor would have hanged half the country, if they had left him alone.' When King Charles heard of it he exclaimed: 'That old fool has hanged more men in that naked country, than I have done for the murder of my father.'

"Berkeley was recalled to England forthwith, and his proud spirit must have rankled as he saw the bonfires on shore celebrating his departure, and heard the cries of rejoicing. Truly a sad leave-taking for a man of seventy who had spent the best days of his life here—to know that none mourned his departure! And a still heavier blow was to fall upon him. Arriving in England he sought audience with the King—that monarch he had so faithfully served all his life. But Charles, also, was turned against him because of his savagery. He was

kept waiting from day to day in an anteroom. This delay, or refusal, broke his heart. He died within a few weeks—and less than a year after the death of the patriot, Nathaniel Bacon."

Clarence's hand was upraised. "Miss Windsor," he asked, "what is the difference between a rebellion and a revolution?"

"I think," she replied, smiling, "that a rebellion is an uprising that is unsuccessful. If Bacon had set up a free government here, as Washington our other Virginian did a hundred years later, he would have headed a revolution."

CHAPTER IX

A NEW CAPITAL

MY story to-day," began Miss Windsor, "must skip over a considerable number of years. There are not many events of high moment toward the close of this first century on American soil. The infant colony born at Jamestown and nearly starving to death in its first years has now become a lusty child. By the end of the century there were at least 75,000 people in Virginia.

"Royal governors came and went, some fairly good, others not so good. Each in his turn found a House of Burgesses that stubbornly maintained the people's rights. So you see that Bacon and his rebels had not fought in vain. Virginia's torch of liberty once lighted was never extinguished. Its flame was passed on to the patriots of the Revolution, nearly a hundred years later. Whenever one of the royal governors sought to levy new taxes or pass laws more in his own interest than that of the colony, he immediately found a fight awaiting him on the floor of this determined assembly. The King himself heard of this perversity and was irritated because his Virginia subjects were so 'disaffected and disquiet.' But the Burgesses continued on their stubborn way.

"All this was, of course, a part of the growing pains of the young colony. It does not make as exciting reading as the previous Indian fights, or the adventures of Smith. But it is just as important a part of our story.

"With the end of the century another important event occurred. It was the abandonment of Jamestown and the building of a new capital city. The site of Jamestown, as I have already told you, was low and swampy. There had been much sickness because of this and the poor quality of the drinking water. As the colony expanded more and more to the west there was no reason for keeping the state buildings here. And so, under Governor Nicholson, a new place was chosen in what was known as Middle Plantation. The Governor laid out its streets in the forms of a W and an M, in honor of William and Mary, the English rulers. The town was called Williamsburg.

"After the seat of government had been taken away from Jamestown, the 'cradle of our nation' soon fell into decay and ruin. The frame houses tumbled down or were burned. The more imposing brick houses followed them, until at last not one building was left to tell the tale except the sturdy old tower of the pioneer church, standing sentinel over the deserted graves. Thus perished Jamestown, and in the course of years the neck of the peninsula was cut away until it became an island reached only by boats. By the way, I wonder how

many of you boys and girls have visited this spot, now preserved as a memorial?"

Only two or three hands were raised, and then one of the Smiths spoke up.

"Why can't the class go down there together some Saturday, for a picnic, Miss Windsor?"

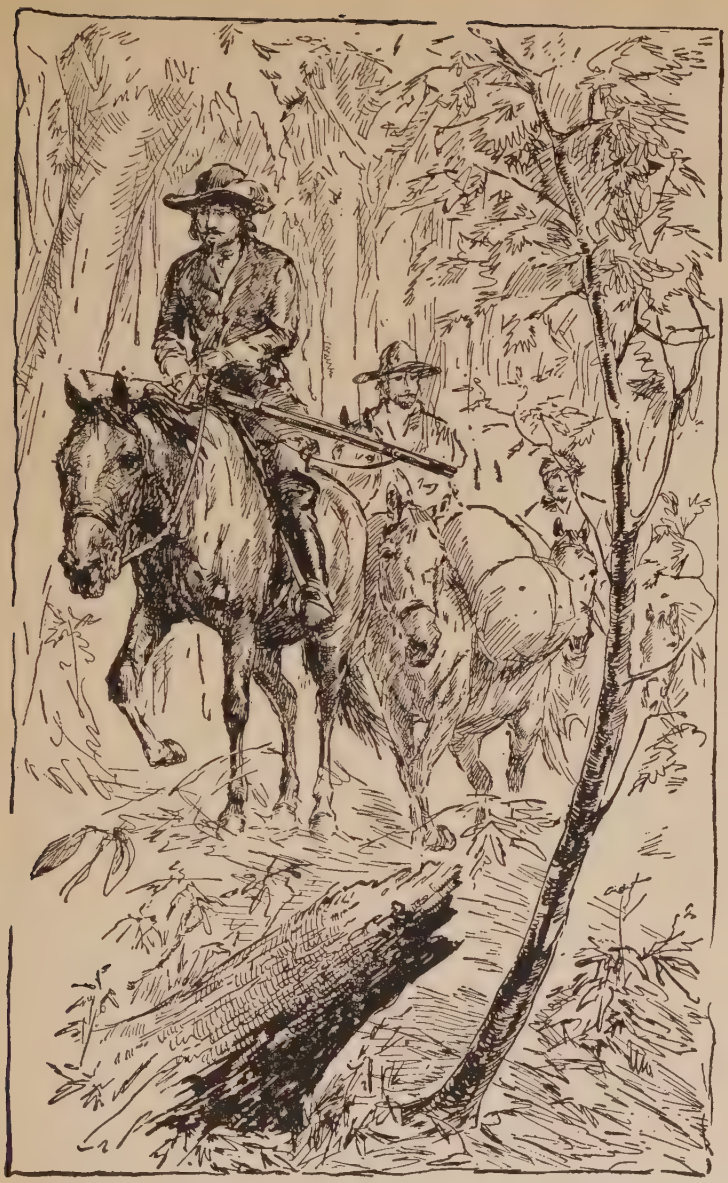
"That's what I say," seconded Clarence—"that is, if the girls will provide the eats!"

A babel of voices greeted this, the girls saying, "All right!" and the boys asking, "When do we start?" Miss Windsor raised a protesting hand, and at last made her voice heard.

"I shall appoint a committee right after class to take this up and report. But now I should like to finish my story for to-day—if you want to hear it."

A chorus of "Yes" came in answer to this, and the hubbub subsided as she went on.

"The new capital of Williamsburg had as its first public buildings, not a state house or governor's mansion, but what do you think?—a college. Our time-honored William and Mary College was established in the year 1693, being the second university in America. Harvard was the first, and Yale the third. It showed that Virginians had gone ahead a long way from the days of Governor Berkeley who had frowned on public schools of any kind. The buildings for our William and Mary were designed by the famous English architect, Sir Christopher Wren, and these buildings were occupied by the assembly until the state offices could be erected.



WITH A PARTY OF RANGERS, SCOUTS AND SOLDIERS HE SET FORTH

[*See Page 103*]

The first commencement exercises were held in 1700. It was a gala occasion. The Governor presided resplendent in gold lace and surrounded by his guard of honor. Virginia planters, traders, soldiers, and other citizens and their wives came by the hundreds. Sloops sailed up the river bearing Marylanders and even Pennsylvanians and New Yorkers. A fringe of curious Indians added color to the scene. After the exercises in which two weak-kneed young graduates delivered their speeches in Latin, there was great merrymaking and a royal barbecue.

"Early in the new century—in the year 1710, to be exact,—Virginia welcomed one of her most famous governors. He was a Scotchman, Colonel Alexander Spotswood by name, and although a young man had already won distinction as a soldier in Europe. He was of martial and distinguished appearance, and courtly in his manners. He worked unselfishly for the colony's interests, and the Burgesses, after a few preliminary tiffs with him, decided to approve of his rule and voted him the sum of two thousand pounds—not tobacco, but real money—to build a 'palace.'

"Governor Spotswood saw that the colony would be far more prosperous if it turned its attention to something besides tobacco. The colonists had, in fact, tried other things, one being silk culture which had promised well for a time but did not work out as the climate was too damp for the silkworms.

The Governor had observed that iron ore was abundant, so he set up furnaces to produce this highly useful metal—the first of their sort in America. For this he obtained the nickname of 'the Tubal Cain of Virginia.' Still another of his pet projects was the making of wine.

"A third interest to which he devoted much time was the converting and educating of the Indians. One such mission was called Fort Christanna, and there is an account of an official visit paid by the Governor to this school in 1716. The school was surrounded by an old palisade, guarded by cannon. There were over seventy Indian children there at the time of his visit. They were taught to read the Bible and English Prayer-book, and to write. The scene as described must have been picturesque. The soldier ruler greeted first the braves who stalked by gravely in their blankets and laid gifts of furs at his feet. Sixty young men came next, their scalp-locks decorated with feathers; their faces painted blue and vermilion. The young women followed, 'their black hair reaching down to the waist, with a blanket tied around them and hanging down like a petticoat.' All were friendly and grateful to this white chief who was teaching their children the ways of the white men.

"In this same year, the energetic Governor carried out another cherished dream. He had long looked at the range of mountains to the west, the beautiful Blue Ridge, and wondered what lay on

the other side. Perhaps he had a vision of a day not far distant when Virginia would stretch her farms and villages over beyond this mysterious barrier. So with a gay party of rangers, scouts, soldiers and Indians he set forth. All were well mounted on horseback. The story of their jaunt does not read like the usual tale of exploration and hardship. Quite the contrary. The woods teemed with game, and they carried upon pack horses plenty of other food and wine to wash it down. They bivouacked for the night 'under canopies'; they rollicked, jested, and laughed more like gentle-

The Woods Teemed with Game

men on a lordly estate of England, than in a wilderness of America. In due time they saw the wild valley of the Shenandoah from the summit of a peak where they halted and toasted the King of England. Two neighboring peaks were christened 'Mount George' and 'Mount Alexander,' after the King and his Governor. Then they went down into the beckoning valley to the Shenandoah River, which they called 'Euphrates,' and a record of the expedition was buried in an empty bottle—of which, no doubt, they had an abundant supply by this time.

"Thus they laid claim to the valley and all the lands to the west in the name of His Majesty, and returned in triumph to Williamsburg. When the King heard of it he was so gratified that he made our Governor a knight. Spotswood, on his part, sent to a London goldsmith for some miniature horseshoes, and presented one to each of his companions. From this an order was founded, known as the 'Knights of the Golden Horseshoe.'

"Although no immediate results came of the expedition, it was nevertheless important in making known the country to the west. But when it was settled it was by a different class from the pleasure-loving Cavaliers of those happy-go-lucky days."

CHAPTER X

TROUBLES WITH THE FRENCH

THE plans for the excursion to Jamestown went forward with gusto, and by the next session of the class nearly everything was decided. It was to be on a Saturday two weeks hence, and Miss Windsor promised to show them other points of interest on the way down there. The buzz of talk ceased, however, when the class bell rang, and she was ready to take up her story.

"I must pass on rapidly to the events which led up to the Revolution," she began. "But first I want to give you some idea of what Virginia was like two hundred years ago. It was a colony of widely scattered plantations and almost no towns at all. Jamestown, as I told you, had been abandoned. Williamsburg grew slowly, despite two or three bad fires, the worst of which was in 1746. As all the public buildings were reduced to ashes at that time members of the Assembly urged the removal of the capital to a new site. This was defeated, and Williamsburg was rebuilt and remained the chief city and the center of a gay social life until the Revolution. Then Richmond was chosen as capital."

"When was Richmond built?" asked Clarence.

"Early attempts were made to build a town here, but without success, as I think I told you. Finally in 1733 Colonel William Byrd drew up the plans of our present city, and four years later we read of a town 'with streets sixty-five feet wide, in a pleasant and healthy situation a little below the Falls.' It was formally incorporated in 1742. The announcements of the new town were set forth glowingly in the first newspaper to be printed in Virginia. This was *The Virginia Gazette,* which published its opening issue in 1736. It was a small sheet poorly printed upon a small press brought over from England, but it was a *newspaper*—the forerunner of many thousands and the prophet of a new era.

"As to other towns, Colonel Byrd planned a second one to be called Petersburg. Norfolk at this time was a straggling village of a few houses and a warehouse looking out on its fine harbor. There were only three or four other villages. The Virginians of the 'Tidewater,' or seacoast, did not care to live close together. The wealthy ones had fine country estates and traveled around by horseback or in carriages. Their society rivaled that of the Old Country.

"But back across the moutains to the west an entirely new and different society was arising. Hardy settlers were coming into the Shenandoah Valley from the north—chiefly Scotch-Irish and

German. The former were Presbyterians and built their meeting-houses just as soon as they had cleared a little land and put up their dwellings. The 'Tuscarora Meeting-House,' near Martinsburg, and the 'Opequon Church,' near Winchester, are said to be the oldest churches in the Valley. The German Lutherans also made good pioneers. They were fine farmers, and the first building they put up was the barn, twice as big and well constructed as the home itself, which might be a rude log cabin.

"Of course, as these pioneers penetrated farther and farther into the wild country, there were troubles with the Indians. We can hardly blame the savages for fighting to hold their choice hunting grounds, but the trouble was, they did not fight in the open. They struck at night silently and swiftly, perhaps burning some lonely cabin and massacring the family. The farmer working out in his field might be laid low by a bullet fired from the bordering forest. It was a time of hardship and danger—this pioneer life in one part of Virginia, and it stands out in sharp contrast to the ease and luxury of the Tidewater of exactly the same period.

"As Virginia reached out farther and farther to the west, another foe was encountered—the French. They laid claim to all the domains beyond the Alleghanies, and viewed with jealous eyes the growth of the English colonies. The final straw was

the formation of what was called the 'Ohio Company' made up of English and wealthy Virginians, who had received a royal grant of 600,000 acres of land on the east branch of the Ohio River. In 1752 they built a trading post and fort at Brownsville, on the Monongahela. This was like poking a stick into a hornet's nest. The French came down in force from the Great Lakes and stirred up their red allies against the English. As many as twelve hundred men were sent from Montreal to Presque Isle on Lake Erie, and a chain of forts was begun along the frontier to the south. They meant to hold the Ohio country against all comers.

"It was a hair-trigger time when active fighting might break out at any minute. The Virginians, however, were cautious, as well they might be in the face of all this force, to say nothing of the hordes of savages in the forests. They decided to send an envoy to the French commander, to protest against his occupation of the country. The man selected for this dangerous mission was George Washington. He was then a young surveyor barely grown and untried in public affairs. But he was highly recommended to the Governor, by old Lord Fairfax and others who had come to trust in his resourcefulness, so was given a major's commission and an escort of six men.

"Their journey through hundreds of miles of wilderness to the French fort and return trip in the dead of winter is so thrilling that I hope you will

read it for yourselves. I cannot stop to relate it in detail now.[1] The French officer received the young Virginia major courteously, but refused to yield his country's claims. When Washington brought this report back to Governor Dinwiddie, he saw that it was either back down or fight. You can guess the answer. There was to be no backing down.

"But unfortunately the French were much better equipped and fortified than the English. They had been preparing for this very thing for years. Their chain of forts lengthened until they had built the strongest of all at the site of what is now Pittsburgh, called by them Fort DuQuesne.[2] The Virginia Burgesses replied to this threat by voting ten thousand pounds for the defense of the frontiers and raising a regiment of six hundred men. Joshua Fry was appointed colonel, with Washington second in command.

"The Virginians marched toward the Ohio country in the Spring of 1754. Before they had reached DuQuesne their scouts came back to warn them of an ambuscade at a place called Great Meadows. 'Two can play at that game,' said Washington. Taking forty men with him, he made a rapid forced march and encircled the enemy. Before they were aware of his presence he had attacked them. Their captain and nine others fell at the first volley. The others surrendered.

[1] See "Ohio" in this series for a full account of this and succeeding happenings.

[2] Pronounced "Du Kane."

"This was really the opening gun of the French and Indian War, and it created a tremendous sensation on both sides of the Atlantic. The young Virginia officer's name was upon every tongue. However, his triumph was short-lived. The French, thirsting for revenge, descended upon his small force with such vigor that he had to retreat.

"War between England and France was by this time formally declared, and early in the next year General Braddock was sent over from England with two regiments of regulars. He boasted that he would make short work of the foe, and was so contemptuous of their savage allies that he marched across country in open formation. Washington and other colonial officers tried to warn him, but in vain. He paid for his rashness and stubbornness with his life, and the utter defeat of his fine, redcoated troops. This was at the memorable battle near Fort DuQuesne, which has passed into history as 'Braddock's Defeat.'[1] It was hardly a battle; it was a rout. Without warning, the Britishers suddenly found themselves in an inferno of fire. From behind every tree, bush, and rock the hidden savages poured deadly bullets and arrows upon them. Washington and his colonials saved a remnant of the army, which was glad to retreat back to Virginia.

"One result of this disastrous defeat was to make the Virginia frontier alive with savages. No

[1] See "Pennsylvania" and "Ohio" for further details of the French and Indian War.

home was safe from tomahawk and fire. Dreadful tales are told of these dark days. Washington was sent to Winchester with a small force to protect the settlers, and did what he could. But the region was too sparsely settled to make concerted action possible. It was not until 1758—three years later—that DuQuesne fell to the English and relief came to our unhappy valley of Virginia."

CHAPTER XI

THE DAWN OF FREEDOM

WHEN Fort DuQuesne fell at the south the other French posts crumbled one after another, the most important one being Quebec far to the north," continued Miss Windsor. "The lilies of France departed forever from our frontier, and the far-reaching territory of Canada, as well as our own land, became British. The treaty of peace signed between the two nations left England in indisputed possession. But she was 'land poor,' as the saying goes. There were millions of square miles of land over here, and a low bank account at home. What was to be done about it?

"The British ministers debated the matter and decided to tax the American colonies, since a great deal of this debt had been incurred in the long struggles with the French and Indians. While this was undoubtedly true, the colonists answered that they also had become poor in men and money in the same wars, and that England profited by getting all the French territories. Furthermore, the colonies always had been jealous of their own rights. The royal governors, one after another, had fought it out with the House of Burgesses in Virginia for a

hundred years or more, and the same thing was true in other colonies. 'Let us make our own laws,' they argued, 'and let England make hers. We have no members in parliament.' From this came the saying, 'Taxation without representation is tyranny,' which was one of the war cries of the Revolution that soon followed.

"England, however, was just as firm in her own attitude. She regarded our colonies as subject provinces that could be dealt with as she saw fit. And so, in 1765, she passed a law known as the Stamp Act. This was to raise revenues by the sale of royal stamps which must be affixed to everything bought or sold.

"No sooner had the news of this Act reached America than a storm of protest arose. Down here in Virginia the indignation found a fiery champion in that remarkable man, Patrick Henry. I know you want to hear more about him."

"Yes, Miss Windsor!" came from a dozen points in the room.

"Up to a few months before this time, Patrick Henry was unknown outside his own little town, Hanover, and here he was regarded as a loafer and ne'er-do-well. He had come of good family, and had received a fair education at home, but had never gone to college. He was a dreamer. He preferred to wander through the woods with his gun over his shoulder, or sit upon the banks of a pleasant stream with his fishing line in the water, rather than attend to serious business. When he was grown, urged by

his father, he tried first one occupation after another in lackadaisical fashion and without success. He was a farmer and a storekeeper, and then decided to study law. He spent six weeks over some law volumes that happened to be within reach, managed to pass an examination, and opened up an office in the Hanover Court House. But his neighbors when they saw his 'shingle' only smiled as they passed by.

"Henry would doubtless have spent the rest of his life as a nobody, had not the troubles with the Mother Country just then come to a head. The first of these was a minor squabble known as the 'Parsons' Cause,' a lawsuit brought by the clergy of the Church of England for back payments in their salary. This like many other things had been paid in tobacco, and the argument, in brief, was over the amount that was legally due. As no other lawyer wished to oppose the powerful clergy, Henry was made the people's advocate. Many were the secret smiles and jibes when he rose to begin his argument. It was the first time that he had tried to speak in public. At first he hung his head and did not raise his eyes from the floor. His sentences came falteringly. But soon as he warmed to his subject an amazing change took place. His head rose proudly and the words poured in a passionate torrent from his throat. He began by denouncing the clergy, and ended by denouncing the King and all his tribe! The clergy were astounded. One of them

left the room, saying that he would not listen to treason. The crowd in the courtroom went wild, and the jury found in favor of the people. Henry had entered the room that day an unknown man; he left it a popular champion.

"When the House of Burgesses next assembled at Williamsburg, to hear the reading of the Stamp Act, Henry was present as a member from his own shire. He was then just twenty-nine, tall in figure with stooped shoulders, small blue eyes which looked at one with a quizzical expression, and a brown wig guiltless of powder. He wore a peach-blossom coat, leather knee breeches, and plain yarn stockings. He must have cut a curious figure in the midst of the Tidewater gentry. He had ridden into Williamsburg on a lean horse, and all his belongings were in a pair of saddlebags. He was a modern Don Quixote riding out to conquer the world.

"As he entered the Assembly he saw few faces that he knew. One tall, blonde gentleman, however, greeted him kindly as an old acquaintance. His name was Thomas Jefferson. After the members had taken their seats and the session was called to order, the Stamp Act was read amid tense silence. Then came the debate as to whether the House should bend its neck to the King's authority, or defy it. One after another spoke, some loyal to the Crown, some temporizingly, and some in opposition. Then the tall, awkward frame of the Han-

over county lawyer arose, and the gentlemen in silks and powders looked at him condescendingly.

"As on the former occasion, Patrick Henry began haltingly and in a self-conscious manner. His voice was slow and uncertain. The listeners smiled and fidgeted. Then again the marvelous change came, and the room was stirred as by an electric shock. The speaker's voice rose in power and intensity until it gripped them. The sentences flowed forth irresistibly. Again he did not mince words, but denounced the tyranny of the Mother Country. Soon the House was in an uproar, the royalists shouting 'Treason!' while the patriots wildly applauded. The Speaker's gavel rapped for order, and the impassioned young orator of liberty went on: 'Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third'—'Treason! Treason!' came the cry from the royalists. Patrick Henry looked around the room with blazing eyes. 'And George the Third may profit by their example. If that be treason make the most of it!' he ended.

"The House passed the resolutions against the Stamp Act by a slender majority—but they passed them. The Governor dissolved the session, but the mischief was done. From one end of America to the other the news of Virginia's action sped. It heartened the other colonies to make a determined stand, one after another, against the obnoxious measure. It was 'the alarm bell of the Revolution,' as one northern writer of the time said.

"The Stamp Act was repealed within a year by Parliament, but stubborn King George reaffirmed his right to 'bind the colonies and people of America in all cases whatsoever.' A new duty was laid on glass, paper, and tea. You all know what was the result when the cargoes of tea were brought over.

He Rode into Williamsburg on a Lean Horse

In Boston harbor they were promptly dumped overboard by patriots disguised as Indians.[1] In other ports their fate was the same.

"During the ten years between the first Stamp Act and the outbreak of war, affairs hastened at a rapid

[1] See "Massachusetts" in this series.

rate. The colonies before this time had been little separate communities with few interests in common. The Puritans of New England and the Cavaliers of Virginia were far apart in religion and politics. Now a common danger called them all together. The first Continental Congress was called. In the events which followed, Virginians were in the front rank. Patrick Henry was 'the alarm bell' of the Revolution, but Thomas Jefferson, who was an indifferent speaker, was its scribe. He also was a younger lawyer, but already noted for his ability with his pen. His 'Summary View of the Rights of British America,' written in 1774, was the keynote to the Declaration of Independence, two years later—of which, as you know, he was also the author.

"There were others in this famous Virginia group: Archibald Cary, called the 'Iron Man'; Richard Bland, who wrote a famous paper entitled 'Enquiry into the Rights of the American Colonies'; Thomas Nelson, John Page, Benjamin Harrison, Peyton and Edmund Randolph, George Wythe, Robert Nicholas, Richard Henry Lee, George Mason, Edmund Pendleton,—no story of Virginia is complete without at least calling the roll of these distinguished names, ending with that of the Father of his Country, George Washington.

"The royal governor at this time in Virginia was Lord Dunmore, a harsh, overbearing man. Between him and the patriots occurred many clashes.

One of the most famous of these was the seizure of all the colonial stores of gunpowder, by Dunmore, who removed it to a British ship lying in the bay. When the patriots protested, he threatened to burn Williamsburg to the ground. Thereupon, John Gage, Patrick Henry and others marched upon the capital with five hundred men, and the Governor capitulated. Later he fled to the ship for his own safety.

"By this time was reached the fateful year of 1775. The Virginia Assembly called a Convention; Patrick Henry delivered his immortal 'Give me liberty or give me death!' speech; the news of the Battle of Concord away up in Massachusetts filtered down through the other waiting colonies; Congress had assembled in Philadelphia; the Battle of Bunker Hill was fought; and George Washington was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the American forces.

"The die was cast. King and Parliament knew at last just how matters stood with their colonies. They were going to fight."

CHAPTER XII

FROM JAMESTOWN TO YORKTOWN

IT had been a glorious outing for the boys and girls of Miss Windsor's history class. They had gone down the river by boat to the little island on which stood the old brick tower of the Jamestown church, with the few gravestones and outlines of the statehouse foundations near by. A stout seawall erected by the Government now resisted the encroachment of the waters and preserved for all time this precious soil.

After their lunch under the shade of an ancient cypress, the boys and girls sat contentedly around their teacher and gazed out on the sunny bay.

"Tell you what," said Clarence, "history seems an entirely different thing from just names and dates, when you get an idea in your head as to what it's all about. I can shut my eyes now and almost see old John Smith and the rest of them around here!"

"Yes, and Pocahontas, too," added Winifred Trask.

"Miss Windsor," said one of the younger John Smiths, "you have not told us anything about the Revolution."

"No," she answered; "I think I shall leave that for you to read for yourselves. After all, it is not Virginia, now, but America, that the further story concerns. As Patrick Henry said, when Virginia shook off the bonds of England: 'Now I am no longer a Virginian; I am an American!' As for the Revolution itself, most of the battles took place to the north of us—in New York and New Jersey. But Virginia was heart and soul in the struggle. In the year 1778 the waters on which you are now gazing were visited by a British fleet under General Matthews, with 2,500 men. They fell upon our coast with the fury of wolves, burning and plundering everywhere. Nearly all our own able-bodied men were in the wars at the North. Matthews seized Fort Nelson, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Gosport, and other places, and burned a dozen or more ships lying here in port. Many private homes were burned and the plantations laid waste. When he at last sailed away, the coastlands hereabout looked as if they had been visited by a hurricane and great fire. But this is what war means.

"Our own city of Richmond, too, was the unwilling host to an enemy—no less person than Benedict Arnold. After he turned traitor, he donned the uniform of a British general and led an expedition into our State. He came by sea and up the James as far as the Falls, with nine hundred men. Richmond fell without resistance, and his men laid waste a great deal of country round about there,

before the American forces could drive them out.

"Meanwhile our Virginians struck a telling blow in another quarter at the power of Britain. George Rogers Clark, a Virginia frontier soldier, offered his services to the State Assembly to head an expedition into the Middle West. The offer was accepted and this little band of scouts and frontiersmen made a long march across country and surprised the British posts of Kaskaskia and Vincennes. As a result, this whole country known as the Northwest Territory was taken away from England.[1] But I advise you to read all about this for yourselves. It is one of the most thrilling and romantic adventures in our history.

"Then came the closing scenes of the Revolution, and they were enacted here in Virginia, where we had provided the 'curtain-raiser,' so to speak. You all know the story of Lord Cornwallis and how he marched into a trap at Yorktown. With the French fleet on one side and Washington's determined troops on the other, the proud officer was compelled to resign. It marked the winning of the Revolution. I should like to take you all, some time soon, to visit Yorktown, too. And perhaps we can go by way of Williamsburg."

"That would be fine!" said one of the girls. "When you come to think of it, doesn't it seem strange and—well, wonderful,—that we are sitting here quietly to-day at Jamestown, where the story

[1] See "Illinois" and "Indiana" in this series.

of America started; and that just a few miles away we can reach Yorktown, where the Revolution ended? It makes me proud and glad that I am a Virginian!"

"Yes, but I think old Pat Henry was right," said Clarence. "We are Americans, too!"

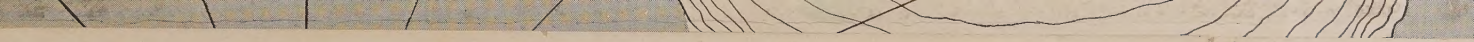
MILESTONES

1584. Raleigh sends an expedition to America.
1607. Jamestown founded.
1610. Lord Delaware takes charge of the colony.
1619. First charter of liberties granted.
1622. Terrible Indian massacre.
1649. Charles I beheaded and Commonwealth proclaimed in England.
1660. Restoration of Charles II.
1676. Bacon's Rebellion.
1692. Williamsburg founded and made the capital.
1693. William and Mary College founded.
1711. Spotswood crosses the Blue Ridge.
1733. Richmond founded.
1735. *The Virginia Gazette,* first newspaper, started.
1750. The Ohio Company organized.
1753. Washington goes to the Ohio country.
1754. Battle of Great Meadows.
1755. Braddock's Campaign and Defeat.
1758. Fort DuQuesne falls to the English.
1765. The Stamp Act passed by England.
1774. Convention held at Williamsburg and delegates appointed to Continental Congress.

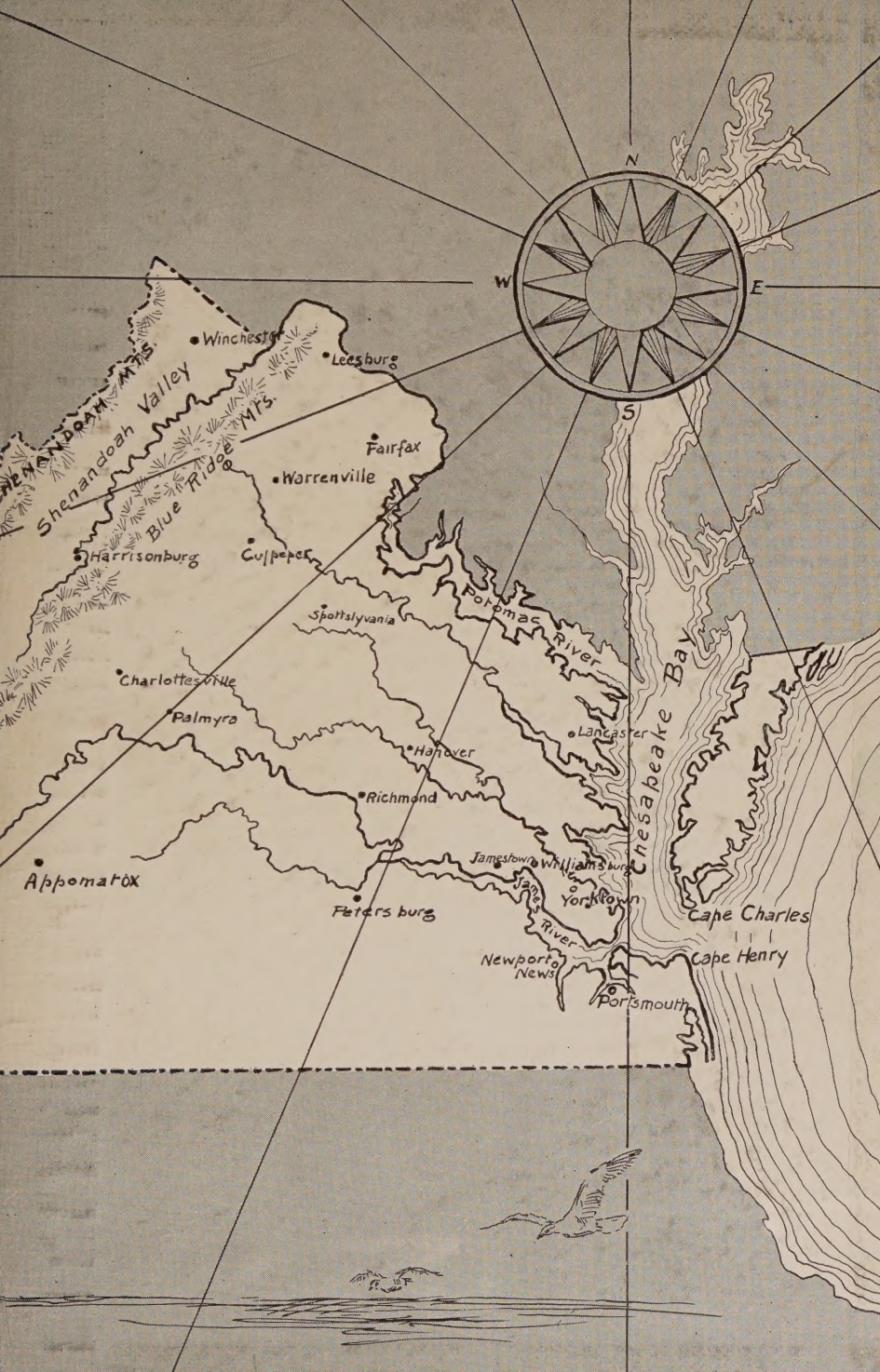
1775. Washington made Commander of American forces.
1779. Richmond made capital.
1781. Cornwallis surrenders at Yorktown.
1788. U. S. Constitution ratified.

LATER EVENTS

1811. Theater burned in Richmond with heavy loss of life, including Governor.
1812. Second war with England.
1819. Jefferson founds the University of Virginia.
1829. Constitution revised.
1831. Uprising of negroes under Nat Turner.
1850. Constitution again revised.
1861. Virginia secedes from the Union.
1863. West Virginia becomes a separate State.
1865. Lee surrenders to Grant at Appomattox.
1870. Virginia readmitted into the Union.
1907. Exposition at Jamestown to celebrate tercentenary.
1920. Census shows population of 2,309,187. State third in tobacco production. Value of all crops over $292,000,000.



VIRGINIA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W
E
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Winchester
Leesburg
Shenandoah Valley
Blue Ridge Mts.
Fairfax
Warrenville
Harrisonburg
Culpeper
Spottsylvania
Potomac River
Chesapeake Bay
Charlottesville
Palmyra
Lancaster
Hanover
Richmond
Appomattox
Jamestown
Williamsburg
Yorktown
James River
Petersburg
Cape Charles
Cape Henry
Newport News
Portsmouth